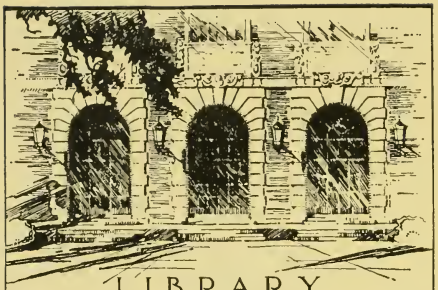

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WRECK AND RUIN:

OR,

MODERN SOCIETY.

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BY

KINAHAN CORNWALLIS,

AUTHOR OF

"A PANORAMA OF THE NEW WORLD"; TWO JOURNEYS TO JAPAN"
"NEW EL DORADO"; "HOWARD PLUNKETT, OR, ADRIFT IN LIFE";
ETC., ETC.

"To know thyself, know all the world beside."

"The proper study of mankind is man."

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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T. C. NEWBY, 30, WELBECK STREET,
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WRECK AND RUIN.

CHAPTER I.

The proceedings in ejectment had been actively progressing during the month alluded to in the early part of our last chapter, and Dr. MacSlab was examined by counsel in Westminster Hall on the very day following that on which the arrival of Mrs. De Burgh from the Hanse Town took place. An arduous and disagreeable task was it for the Scotch practitioner to bear with and answer the unwelcome questions of the opposing counsel, as he stood up in the witness box of a crowded court.

"If you had been privy to such a deception as you allege, sir," said the examining counsel, "you would only be a disgrace to your profession; but coming here as you have done today, to swear before your God that such a deception was, or even could have been perpetrated, you disgust me, and call down on your head the reproach of mankind."

This was the strongest insinuation of perjury offered; in spite of which, the jury at length gave their verdict against the one in possession, who was greatly incensed to find his own, and hitherto unknown, mother claim him, on her oath, before the eager eyes of MacSlab.

CHAPTER II.

It was on the day after the trial had taken place, that Winterthorne took his way, for the second time, to Eastbourne Terrace, with the view of meeting with his friend Trelawney, whom he had not seen for the three previous days. Pending the decision of the judge, his mind had been much occupied and perturbed; so much so, that the thoughts connected with the intelligence heard from the lips of the De Snags, on the occasion of his former visit to their house, were for a time dispelled under the more

exciting influence of the coming throw for fortune in the Court at Westminster. Law is uncertain enough at any time, to be exciting; but Winterthorne felt it to be doubly so in his case.

"What a serious thing it will be if they find that I made my escape!" he mused, thinking of New South Wales. "'Gad, I shall be sent back, and never get a farthing of the money!"

"Is Mr. Trelawney in?" he asked, on arrival.

He was answered in the affirmative, coupled with the information, that that gentleman was in the dining-room, into which he was forthwith ushered. He had expected to find Trelawney alone there, whereas he confronted, in addition, the old Frenchman and his wife, together with the lady newly-arrived from Hamburg, with whom the reader is familiar as the daughter

and only child of De Snag by a former marriage.

He was in the act of shaking Trelawney's extended hand, when his eye caught view, for the first time, of the younger lady's countenance.

"Mrs. De Burgh—Mr. Winterthorne," spoke the wife of De Snag, by way of introduction.

He bowed; but such a bow,—it would have made a dog bark, or a *barque* of Tipperary laugh, so embarrassed and ludicrous was the movement performed. Everybody seemed flabbergasted, while Winterthorne himself looked petrified. There was a pause,—an ominous one,—during which time each looked at the other; and the eyes of De Snag's daughter and of Winterthorne met, and remained fixed in a keen and piercing gaze. The silence, although but momentary, was becoming painful; yet

no one broke it, but stood, as it were, spell-bound, till the figure of the younger female rose up in tremulous majesty, and with a countenance beneath which struggled and contended every passion, and which was rendered half-ghastly with emotion, she flung herself, like a tigress, into his arms, ejaculating, with frenzied vehemence of tone,—

"My husband!"

Madame De Snag uttered a shrill, nervous shriek, while De Snag himself staggered on his heels, with his head thrown back, and his optical orbs half protruding from his head, and his entire body expressive of the wildest dismay and agitation.

For a moment the two stood, clasped in each other's arms, the wife sobbing on the breast of her husband; but suddenly, the woman, half flinging him back, released herself, and looked him sternly in the face;

indignation was predominant in her thoughts; "Lucien De Burgh," she ejaculated, in a hollow, sepulchral tone, which it was startling to hear, and which seemed to awake that so-called individual from the half-trance in which he had been hitherto lost.

"Yes," he answered, vacantly; and forthwith old De Snag flew upon him, as if in hostility, but only to rest his weeping head on the breast of his newly discovered son-in-law. The venerable Frenchman moved his body about in a disorder of grief, tearing himself as it were, and weeping awhile, stamping his feet, shaking his head, in very frenzy, and uttering words too thickly spoken to be distinguishable.

His daughter addressed him in French, his wife in English, each endeavouring to pull him away; but all their endeavours were unavailing, until Winterthorne, with

an effort, undid his grasp and shook him off.

At that moment the street door bell rang, which was rapidly followed by the appearance of Mr. Beeswing, who had called by appointment to take Madame De Burgh to see some of the sights of London, and who entered the room unannounced, and stared in ludicrous amazement at the group before him. It was a great relief for Winterthorne, who straightway left the room, followed by his spouse.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, what in the name of Jupiter is up now?" asked Beeswing, with facetious hilarity, and amazing curiosity of gesture.

"Her hu—her hu—" cried the old man.

"What's the matter, old king of the Cannibal Islands?" asked the other, taking hold of his arm with the view of pulling his hands from off his eyes.

"Heu! heu!" noised he irritably, shaking his grey and half bald head, which still rested on his hands, his elbows doing the same thing on his knees. Madame De Snag here scudded out of the room to again confront the pair, while De Snag, with tear-blotted countenance, quickly followed her. Trelawney and Beeswing alone remained. In the mean time, Winterthorne, who had adjourned into the back parlour, recovered his self-possession, and the long estranged couple had exchanged the kiss of peace.

"Jacquet, my dear," spoke Winterthorne, "I have only just returned to Europe. I was made prisoner by my country soon after leaving Hamburgh, and my arrival in England, and I have been anxiously waiting the result of a decision at law respecting my property, and in a few days more,—yes this very week,—I intended to take my way to Hambro' to look for you—

oh, Jacquet, love, you don't know how I've thought of you since we parted."

"We've a child, a boy," broke in the wife.

"Have you?" exclaimed Winterthorne, in an ecstacy of delight; for he was endowed with the organ of philoprogenitiveness, and it had been the wish of his lifetime to be called father. He clasped her again fervently to his breast, and kissed her with very affection. Here their interview was interrupted by the entrance of the De Snags.

"Where's the child?" asked Winterthorne.

"At school at Hambro,'" answered Jacquet. Here was something that bound them together; the father tried to feel jolly, but he found it to be such an exertion, that he gave up the attempt, and relapsed into a serious mood, which was only dis-

sipated by a brisk application to a decanter of spirits which he had asked for.

Of the many consequences of this memorable visit to Eastbourne Terrace, we shall learn anon.

CHAPTER III.

Ten years after the Honourable Society of Gray's Inn had elected Arthur Cumberland to be a member of their body and of the bar, that gentleman wooed and won the widow of Sir Charles Mackintosh, who had the felicity of being childless, and, moreover, possessed of prodigious wealth, in other words, of six thousand a year, derivable from the three per cents., and an estate in Dorsetshire, valued at ninety thousand pounds. This, of course, was a splendid move, and success in the worldly

game of the ambitious barrister. Twelve months antecedent to this alliance, he had obtained the victory over an electioneering candidate for the borough of Clayfield, in Herefordshire, and now sate as its member in the House at Westminster. He was already a Q. C., and enjoyed a highly lucrative practice. Shortly after his marriage, he took a mansion in Berkeley Square; and his wife's family and connexions being extensive and influential, he began to look forward to office, not that the latter would be more remunerative than his private practice, but for the sake of rank. One success with Arthur Cumberland only fanned his desire to realize another; and the passion of ambition,—the love of earthly glory and celebrity,—far outvied that of love for his wife. He was not domestic; so that even the attractions of home, and of a being who sympathized with him (for it

is not necessary in this base, mercenary age, that people should love each other in order to be happy in the married state), failed to absorb him in the least from the prosecution of those workings after fame and money which had so ardently and enthusiastically impelled him on during his years of bachelorhood.

His wife was his elder by eight years; but in comparison with himself he thought her young, so old did he feel in the knowledge and the ways of life and the world, as well as those achievements already gained, which few could have ever hoped for, even though by birth and fortune they had been blessed with a lofty social inheritance, whereas he had passed through infancy deserted of kin, and cradled in poverty, but to emerge upon the noisy sea of life—the rude and blighting world—a desolate adventurer, friendless and unknown,

and without ever being the recipient of charity, had made himself what he now was, a wealthy man, and one of the government of his country, as well as a popular barrister and a participator in all the pleasures and concomitants of fashionable life in London. Talent had led him into the open arms of fortune—he was well blessed.

CHAPTER IV.

Young Trelawney, the so-called, grew up as the adopted child of the Duchess of Yarborough might be expected to do. His career was at once uneventful and destitute of novelty. After being well trained and initiated, under the care of a certain M.A., resident in the vicinity of the Regent's Park, and who undertook the education and preparation for College of a very select few, he was sent to Cambridge, with a view to holy orders.

The son of Scamperwell, however, after taking his B.A., manifested a great disin-

clination, in fact, a decided repugnance, to the church as a profession, he being as ungodly in his glee, and as dissolute and extravagant in his habits, as nature and circumstances would allow. Without having any particular partiality for the smell of gunpowder, he evinced a laudable taste for a military life; not so much, perhaps, for the sake of protecting or fighting in defence of his Queen and country, as for the pleasures of the mess table, the reputation of being a soldier, and the consequent social liberty thereon attendant.

A cornetcy in the Blues was therefore purchased for him, and with an allowance of two hundred a year from his adoptress, and another two hundred from his quasi-grandfather, Sir Wyndham Berkeley, the twice baptized George Augustus Trelawney, successfully managed to get into debt and enjoy himself.

CHAPTER V.

On one Sunday afternoon in the early part of January, eighteen hundred and fifty-two, as widow Dykes sat in her comfortable cottage, near Kennington Park, which she had four years previously exchanged for the blue shuttered, blue doored habitation in which our hero was born, reading a weekly newspaper, her eye caught view of a paragraph headed, "Promotion of Mr. Justice Cumberland to the Peerage." The name being that of her first husband, instinctively attracted her. She read on, "His lordship,

who takes the title of Seapark, from his estate in Dorsetshire, is descended of an ancient family. He was born on the 18th May, 1797, at Clifton, and is the eldest and only surviving son of the late Lawrence Cumberland, Esq., of Clifton House, a celebrated sportsman, as well as lawyer of his day."

"Lawrence Cumberland!" exclaimed Sally Dykes, "same name as my old man, I declare, and he was a lawyer too."

Now it so happened that Mr. Sylvanus Scamperwell, who was still in the habit of making periodical calls on the old widow, with, to employ his own phraseology, the view of seeing how the wind blew, found his way to the cottage of the widow—who was now supported in comfort by an allowance from our hero—and found her alone.

"Heh! Mr. Scamperwell, how are you? I haven't seen you for an age," said the old

woman. "I was reading in the paper," she observed shortly afterwards, "yesterday, and I actually came across the name of my first husband; see?" and she handed him the paper, while her finger clenched the particular paragraph, "they're fine folks there; but he was a lawyer, and at the same place as my husband was."

"Yes," said Scamperwell, as much as to say, I understand you. "Gad!" he ejaculated, a moment afterwards, thinking of the ex-military captain and cigar shop keeper of Drury Lane, who had promoted the deception practised in the case of the alleged child of Victor Trelawney.

"I know a man of that name."

"Bless me, how strange. Lawrence Cumberland do you mean?"

"Yes; an old fellow in Drury Lane," answered Scamperwell.

He was sorry afterwards for having said

this; for on the following morning, Sally Dykes set out on a voyage of discovery in the direction of the place named. She instituted inquiries at the first large shop she came to in Drury Lane, it was a stationer's,—respecting Lawrence Cumberland, but no such name being known to them, she was half referred to a Directory which lay near. She turned to the *Street Directory*, and under the heading Drury Lane, found to her great delight this line:

No. 36. Lawrence Cumberland.

She was not by any means sure in her own mind that the individual here named would turn out to be her veritable first husband of Portsea, any more than that the Lawrence Cumberland named in the newspaper paragraph was one and the same person with him, but she was filled with curiosity and ardour to know and satisfy herself, in spite of her old age. So

she took her way hurriedly and anxiously to number 36. She arrived in its front, and saw the name Cumberland painted above the doorway. The window was filled up with prints of various kinds, all however more or less soiled and fly-spotted, together with theatrical playbills, two brown stone tobacco-jars, and two open boxes of Manilla cigars. The sign of the "African boy" surmounted the beforementioned shop-door, while the entire aspect of the place was dingy and second-hand, and to a much greater extent than the rest of even Drury Lane itself. Sally Dykes walked in; she saw no one present, but almost before she had time to make herself acquainted with the fact, a small snuffy old man shot out of a room at the side, pulling behind him a glass door, festooned with a piece of reddish-brown curtain. Sally Dykes's first feeling on seeing the last mentioned in-

dividual, was that of disappointment and confusion. "Are you Mr. Cumberland?" she at length asked.

"No, ma'am, I aint. Mr. Cumberland's a bed, ill;" answered the man. "What might you have wanted?"

"Oh! I wanted to see him, sir, himself;" answered the old woman.

"What's it about—can I tell him anything?" interrogated the other.

"No; I just wanted to see him, just for a moment would do."

"Well, wait a bit, ma'am, and I'll ask him:" said the snuffy veteran; and he forthwith trudged through the doorway of glass and red curtain, *en route* for the couch of the venerable Cumberland. He returned in about a minute, saying, "Here, you may come in, ma'am,—walk this way."

Sally obeyed, and was led into a small room off the shop parlour, where, on an

old sofa bed, furnished with the murkiest of pillow cases, rested the body of Lawrence Cumberland. His head was covered with a black silk cap, and those natural appendages, his eyebrows jutted out in two solitary but expressive ridges over those orbs of sight which had never rested on the form of his wife, now Sally Dykes, since the day on which he forsook her, alike with Portsea, and enlisted as a private in his then majesty's army.

The old woman timidly advanced in front of the bed, for she was in nowise sure of the individual alluded to being anything more than a namesake of her first husband. That uncertainty was, however, rapidly dispelled, when the eyes of the two met; they stood for a moment gazing into each other's face, the silence of which was broken by Sally Dykes ejaculating, "God bless my soul and body! it's him;" to

which the old man responded as he still stared vacantly at his visitor,

"Why it's Sarah!"

The snuffy cripple left the room.

"Well, Sarah," said the other, feebly, and with unimpassioned manner.

The old woman, with tears in her eyes, threw herself forward on to the bed, and covering his head with her own, exclaimed, with painful emotion, "Oh! Lawrence, oh! Lawrence," and burst into a loud sobbing. The husband and the wife had again met.

Reader, but little does the novelist require to picture a scene which every imagination can so readily realize. A scene, wherein were brought face to face with each other, those whom death had been supposed to have long estranged—of a woman confronting one, whom, fifty years before, she had considered herself his widow, and on

which belief she had again married, and was again bereft.

The incident was as rare as it was thrilling.

The old man briefly told his tale; how he had enlisted at Portsmouth for active service in the Peninsula on the day on which he left his wretched home and his starving wife and child; how he was promoted from the ranks, and finally rose to be chief of his company; how his feelings for wife and child became estranged; and, to conclude his military career, how he became involved in debt and gave way to drunkenness, which resulted in his being dismissed the army; how he then degenerated in the social scale, and finally embarked in the career, yea, the very shop which he now tenanted.

Such was the history of Lawrence Cumberland.

She seemed to appear before him as a

comforter, as a ministering angel, sent on the nightfall, the last ebbing hours of his earthly life,—to watch him on to the brink of eternity,—to soothe his passage to the grave. The apathy of his life forsook him, and, as far as his enfeebled existence allowed him, he felt glad that such a nurse should have so opportunely arrived. His faculties were too dormant to cause him any remorse of conscience or grief at having abandoned her; he was too inert to even cast a retrospective gaze down the long vista of departed time. He thought in parts, so to speak. He must have suddenly remembered the boy, his son William Henry, for his countenance lighted up with a look of curiosity as he asked "Is he living—the child Willy?"

"No; dead long since," answered the wife, who believed such to be the case on the faith of the letter from Birmingham,

with which the reader is familiar, as also the fact that the said William Henry still lived, in no other than the Turpin of the Australian Bush, and the Theophilus Brooks of Bagdad.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Sylvanus Scamperwell took his way on the morning following his last noted interview with Sally Dykes, to the shop and abiding place of Lawrence Cumberland in Drury Lane. To his great disgust and astonishment, he found that old lady at the bedside of the ex-captain. He made no secret of his knowing her, but bade her good morning, to the vacant wonder of the wearer of the black silk cap, coupled with the remark, "Who'd have thought to see you here, Mrs. Dykes?" After a few words

had been exchanged, he beckoned her to follow him out of the room, which, being responded to, he whispered her to remain in the shop, while he spoke a few words to the old man.

He reentered the room: "Cumberland," said he, presenting the newspaper paragraph which had so attracted Sally Dykes on the previous day, "Read this." The sick man called for his spectacles, and then with some difficulty succeeded in slowly reading the matter before him. He was a callous, hard-hearted, unflinching, defiant old rogue, as unprincipled as he was nefarious in his every-day life and dealings with the world. He was not one, who, under ordinary circumstances, could feel much emotion, and if he did would betray it; but as he read to the end of this notice, of the promotion of the great lawyer to the peerage of England, he felt a strange in-

ternal convulsion of grief and joy, and even tears were let loose and coursed down his furrowed features, while the thoughts of bygone years, brought back by the incident before him, rose up and caused a gasp-like sigh to escape from his heaving breast; and Lawrence Cumberland, now elated with a seeming joy that he could not appreciate, and again affected with the bitter pangs of remorse, instinctively felt himself to be as he really was, the father of the new peer,—the Baron Cumberland of whom he had just read.

Yes, indeed, his lordship was no other than the Arthur Cumberland with whose career we are well familiar,—the neglected son of Lawrence Cumberland by his first and now long defunct wife, the Exeter publican's daughter. He was truly a self-made, yea, a noble man. He had invoked talent in his aid, and talent had purchased riches,

honours, and with them all the bauble accessories and concomitants of earthly glory which, although the Preacher hath truly proclaimed them in the well-known words, "All is vanity, yea, vanity of vanities," are nevertheless fit and fruitful things to incite the emulation, rivalry, and struggles of civilised mankind; for although the things of earth are perishable, even earth itself, man is also mortal; and what needeth he during life more than the temporary pleasures and enjoyments thereof, and the means of procuring them, which is money—money, the root of all evil, yet the object of every man's ambition; for, without it, individuals would become abject, and rapidly degenerate into an unknown—a pauper's grave. Society is made up of money; therefore money is power. Alas! that it should be so; for its unequal distribution hath demoralized the world, and rendered

it an arid and inhospitable wilderness, save where the savage is still lord of all, and nature in her primitive array maketh alive the landscape with good things,—where civilization has never invaded aboriginalism, and the curse of the white man has never interrupted the felicity of the wild man. There all is still glad and rosy, and man, bold and unfettered, holds proud dominion; and every tribe is a brotherhood; and the things of earth are alike the things of each and of all, and where no man is richer than his neighbour; for all have plenty, and it hath been truly said, "enough is as good as a feast." Thus satisfied, they pass their lives in a happy—yea, to one of us—an enviable concord; for where are the wild delights of primogenial man to be realized, even in feeling, amid the din of cities and the roar of life's troubled sea?

Having thus said, the author of this

work congratulates himself on being so far successful in chronicling the history of the various characters in general, and the Cumberland family in particular; and taking his friend, the reader, confidingly by the hand, begs to lead either him or her, as the case happens, once more into the presence of Victor Trelawney.

CHAPTER VII.

A LITTLE more than a year after our last leaving Theophilus Brooks, *alias* the name last-mentioned, at Bagdad, that adventurous peregrinator, in company with his wife and their only child, prepared to start from the banks of the Savannah River, *en route* for Europe, Brooks having now perfectly recovered from the effects of his wounds, as dealt him at the bloody battle of Bagdad, described in our opening chapters; besides having experienced some augmentation of fortune, by virtue of the increased value of land pur-

chased at the time of his settling in that region of Georgia already named.

On their arrival at New York, where they took up their quarters at the Metropolitan Hotel, Brooks was very much surprised on entering one of the public drawing rooms, where sat his wife, to find himself also face to face with no less a personage than his supposed first partner in matrimony, who had so efficiently assisted him in the disposal of wooden nutmegs and hams to match, throughout that glorious union of states in which they still found themselves, and who had also been equally efficient in absquatulating from San Francisco with his money. Nothing daunted, however, she haughtily confronted him after the approved manner of a certain set of American women generally, who, considering themselves angels, expect to be worshipped, not by one alone, but by all men, who in

some cases are mere vassals in their hands, and, moreover, willing ones. Not perhaps that the men of the United States in their obsequious politeness and exceeding gallantry overdo the thing, but they certainly stand preeminent in their undisputed show of kindness and attention to women; so much so, that in any public travelling vehicle throughout the Union, any and every man would at once surrender and with the utmost amiability give up his seat to any specimen of feminine humanity not black, and incur any amount of delay and inconvenience in the cause. And so it is that the women of the United States present a striking contrast to their sisters of every savage nation, (yea, many of some civilised nations,—look at Germany, and Switzerland),—who are made in every way subservient to the will of man, their lord and master, and while performing the arduous

drudgery of his *menage*, are looked upon as mere creatures of burden and subordinate animals, unfit even to share in the sympathies of their rulers.

But woman was sent to adorn (as well as to multiply) the earth, and as a "ministering angel" to dispense the comforts of and glorify the man; and although real politeness, respect, and amiability may be sufficiently manifested and expressed, without in every way conforming to and adopting the manners and customs of Jonathan, our go-ahead cousin, it is nevertheless not to be for a moment supposed that we of England are in any way over amiable or attentive to our fair ones; in fact, comparing the two nations, we are far behind in native grace, and would much profit by unbending ourselves a little more freely in administering to their convenience and felicity; and while rendering English

society, as a natural consequence, less icy, establish a more universal feeling of reciprocity and concord than, unfortunately for ourselves, exists in this our year of grace eighteen hundred and fifty-nine.

Having thus far wandered away in the good cause of the ladies, who will of course withhold complaint on the occasion, we will reenter the public drawing-room just vacated, and witness the further interview of Theophilus Brooks with his fugitive quasi wife. She surveyed him haughtily, we have said, as though he, not herself, had been the aggressor. She had been schooled in the iniquities of the world, and although she had robbed and deserted him, she did not shrink from his gaze, but with Amazon-like courage approached and even flung herself upon him, ejaculating, "My dear husband," as she strove to kiss him, in the true spirit of Judas. Perhaps she felt glad

in again reclaiming him; for certain it was he had arrived at a very opportune moment, as having been recently "thrown off" by her Californian amoroso, she was on the look out for another. Brooks displayed no rudeness, but simply behaved coolly, his greatest source of annoyance being that his American wife was present, and an eye-witness of the episode,—a fact and circumstance which, of course, the other lady had never calculated upon.

There was a third lady seated at the further extremity of the room, engaged in the perusal of a book; but being a native of Philadelphia, the silent, otherwise the Quaker city, she appeared to be but little affected or disturbed by the incident going forward. Brooks was the only specimen of his sex present, and, as the reader may suppose, felt himself, to say the least of it, in a rather awkward fix. There was no

contradicting her exclamation, "My dear husband," although he thought her, and with very good reason, a very false wife. Unhappily for himself, he was not blest with the knowledge that her original claim was altogether false, and that, at the hands of Mr. Sylvanus Scamperwell, he had been the mere victim of a deception. Truly "knowledge is power."

"Don't speak to me: I've done with you!" ejaculated Brooks. "You absconded with another man from California, to say nothing about robbing me;" and as he said this, he looked keenly, with a somewhat pathetic gaze and agitated manner at his young wife, who reclined on a neighbouring sofa, herself almost ready to burst into tears, so much was she struggling against the inward emotions of jealousy, disappointment, and regret; for an image of bigamy had been already conjured up by her.

The Philadelphian lady, at this stage of the interview, rose and retired amid a profound and even ominous silence; the wife of Brooks was about to follow, when, to the surprize of the fugitive claimant and adventuress, who stood up with a savage scowl and the look of an injured woman blended in her countenance, he said,

"Stay, wife; stay, my dear," and gently handed her back.

Jealousy, hatred, and even ferocity, were at once pictured in her suddenly altered physiognomy after hearing these words. "This woman," said he, addressing his wife, "deserted me at San Francisco, and went off with another man; not only that, but she took every farthing she could lay hands on—nearly five thousand dollars—and I've never seen her since till this moment."

"Man! you're a swindler and a gambler!" she ejaculated, with emphasis. At that

moment a lady and gentleman entered the room. "A wooden nutmeg and a wooden ham monger; but what can you expect from a convict?" Here she turned her head flauntingly, after the manner of a fan-tailed pigeon, and moved back a step with the most disdainful of glances.

"What's wrong, stranger? I guess there's some," asked the male individual who had just entered, and addressing Brooks, who was just at that moment as full of rage and indignation as human nature well could be. He uttered an English anathema, and something more, in reply to the intrusive question.

"If I'd a revolver by me I'd shoot you flat as a d——d pancake," responded the Yankee in a by no means amiable mood.

"Well, we'll say nothing about that here," resumed Brooks; and he proceeded to leave the room, saying, as he went, "I'll

see you again shortly, sir;" to which the party in black merely nodded.

He led his wife with him and left the pretender to herself.

"Oh, Theophilus! Oh, my husband! why did you never tell me that you had another wife?" ejaculated the mother of his young child, as they entered their mutual bedroom; which done, she flung herself into his arms, and with one arm over his shoulder, and her head resting on his breast, she let loose her feelings in a flood of tears, and a current of anxious thought, which the husband for some moments in vain sought to divert or to allay.

CHAPTER VIII.

It was a fine frosty day on the fourteenth of January, eighteen hundred and fifty-two, in the English metropolis. The atmosphere, at once clear and bracing, was rendered still more so by the vivifying rays of the sun, which, although they shed less of warmth than lustre in their laughing glare, were, nevertheless, bright and animating, and their silvery effulgence lent that species of "enchantment to the view" which no man but ever welcomed. The Serpentine was frozen over and being skated upon, while

its banks were thinly lined with spectators, the uniform of the blue nose being their chief characteristic.

Rosy and happy were the faces of some, haggard and anxious looked others of the moving thousands that traversed the streets of the mighty city of London, the abode of wealth and magnificence, of penury and starvation, the great vortex of England. The hour was one o'clock. Three out of every five people then entering the city were going for money, and of that number two, as subsequently discovered, were unsuccessful in getting it.

A wedding breakfast was taking place in one house—the proposer of a certain toast thereat standing up, with a very purple countenance, and inflicting as much pain on his hearers as on himself. A corpse lay in the next. Much money had accrued to others in consequence of the death, and

there was much show of mourning, but very little felt; for, alas! we know *hæredis fletus sub persona risus est.* A body was being lowered into the grave; it was that of a debtor. The death was truly mourned by a host of absent creditors, who had now lost their last chance of payment.

A dishonest magistrate was condemning a honest man to imprisonment. Knaves were professing religion. The rightful heir to a title and great wealth was sweeping a crossing, barefooted and hungry, while his usurper was revelling in the pleasures and extravagances of life. Two men were sick; one was taking physic, the other not; the former died, the last recovered. A newly discharged insolvent and certificated bankrupt were each driving about in their carriages, and had mushroom mansions in Eaton Square and Hyde Park Gardens, while their victims were contented to walk.

One man was plotting the death of a kinsman for the sake of his life assurance; another man was being made to suffer for the wrongs of others. Things outvying the wildest fiction were being enacted in many places, and the din of existence resounded far and wide. Similar things are taking place at every hour of the day, so that there was nothing unusual about this one.

The only special incident which was then taking place, and with which we have to do, was the arrival of Theophilus Brooks, together with his wife and child, at the Euston Square Station. The steamer *Atlantic* had conveyed them from the shores of Manhattan and the Hudson to those of Liverpool and the Mersey, from whose dingy and polluted precincts they had just arrived. Mud and discord had there met them at every corner. Smoke, vomited forth in pestilential density from the huge chimneys

of a thousand manufactories, mingled with and formed the chief atmospheric ingredient. Lancashire men, bearing no evidence of civilization, but in its vices and the clothes they wore, half filled the town. Americans in pegged, red eagle topped boots, and wide awake hats, were to be found with their demure countenances in various Hansom cabs, and standing on the door steps of two of the chief hotels. It began to rain as they were about to depart, and Liverpool then looked cheerless and hard working indeed.

As our visitors entered London, new life seemed to operate within them, and the pleasant drive from the railway station to Trafalgar Square, produced an effect at once invigorating and refreshing. True, the two bottle-green fountains that played feebly in its centre, were not very grand exhibitions of water works, but they lent

an enlivening antithesis to the scene, which may justly be called the finest in London, even as it is the most busy. The windows of their hotel looked out upon it, and unless it be that passing multitudes but add to the feeling of individual loneliness, the situation was as pleasant and desirable as the visitor could wish for.

"Well, we're here at last," said Brooks, as he seated himself in their allotted drawing room.

"Yes, dear," answered the wife, and as a rose upon the briar, she leant over and kissed him. "I hope that woman won't find us?" remarked she, rather anxiously.

"No; but she can't do anything," responded Brooks. "Morally, I'm free; legally, I'm exonerated."

It is necessary to here recur to the hotel scene at New York.

Brooks, shortly after leaving the drawing

room, in company with his wife, returned, in order to confront the party in black, who, having manifested such impetuous inquisitiveness, had met with so formidable a rebuff. A short parley sufficed to reestablish amity, and so the affair ended to their mutual satisfaction. The quasi wife of Brooks had in the meantime retired to her apartment, whither shortly afterwards she wrote him a note, requesting an interview in room No. 12, her own, and dispatched it by one of the chambermaids. It was responded to in the course of an hour, by the attendance of our friend Theophilus, who appeared in a mood rather more aggressive than conciliatory.

"What do you want with me, madam?" were the first words he uttered on entering her presence.

After this she looked at him with an air of savage defiance, and then had the audacity to slowly repeat his question.

By a peculiarity of eye, manner, and voice, it would have been evident to a keen observer, that she had been very recently imbibing a more than proper or usual allowance of strong waters; but the fact of this being the case, only tended to embolden and render her callous, and by deadening her sensibility, increase her self-possession and controul, thus enabling her to exhibit a more fiendish and jealous look than she had assumed, even in the presence of her virtuous rival, the second wife of the troubled Brooks.

The conversation on the part of the Senora was rambling, vague, vehement, and incoherent, resolving itself into nothing more than a show of determination on her part, to enforce her claim as the wife of Brooks.

"I'll follow you to England," said she, "and put you on your trial, sir, for bigamy."

These were about the last words she

uttered in the face of her ex-paramour, who assured her that he was perfectly justified in his marrying again, and that while her brazen-faced conduct had disgusted him, she was a disgrace to the family of a baronet (meaning her supposed father, Sir Wyndham Berkeley), and a very different being from what she was when he married her—in fact he could hardly believe his own eyes, or reconcile his own mind to the fact—of her being the same Jane, with whom he had exchanged the vows of matrimony on the 26th of May, eighteen hundred and thirty-one, at the office of the Registrar for the parish of Saint Clement Danes, London.

Time works changes, he thought; associations more so. The moves of life are difficult to follow. Truly it is a complex game. The upshot of all this was, that the Mrs. Brooks, of Scamperwell's making,

took passage by the same steamer in which the Bagdad Regulator, his wife, and child did, and it was not till after the sailing of the vessel, when Brooks was congratulating himself on his escape from and riddance of her, that he found she was his fellow passenger.

"What on earth can be her object?" ejaculated Brooks, to himself, after making this discovery.

This he was not clearly able to divine; but from one or two observations made to him during the voyage, he ascertained that it was her intention to prosecute him for bigamy, on their arrival in England; and in the meantime she made him the scandal of the ship,—a thing not at all calculated to enhance the pleasure of an Atlantic trip. Moreover, she had travelled by the same train with him to London, and her cab had followed his to Trafalgar Square, where we last left, and will still leave him.

CHAPTER IX.

After seeing him safely into the hotel there situated, our adventuress drove off in search of Sylvanus Scamperwell, and experienced but little difficulty in finding out his location, which lay on the second floor of No. 56, Arundel Street, Strand. He was not then at home; and, according to the statement of the greasy, slop-built maid-servant who opened the door, it was a very uncertain thing when he would be. The lady, however, left her name and place of residence pencilled on a slip of paper, the

address being that of a boarding-house in Upper Bedford Place, Russell Square, which she had copied from the *Times*, and whither she intended to at once proceed, and take up her residence *pro tem.*, or otherwise, as circumstances might decree. She drove up and took possession of her bedroom, unencumbered with a particle of luggage; and on being asked for a reference, said—

"I presume a week in advance will be equally acceptable. I'm an American passenger just arrived."

"Oh, yes; thank you," was the ready reply of the boardinghouse keeper, — a woman without soul, and as sordid and barren of good feeling as an old midwife.

And "Mrs. Brooks"—for she had reassumed the name since leaving New York, handing her a "left luggage" ticket of the London and North Western Railway Company, together with the sum of thirty-five

shillings for the ensuing week's board, asked to be obliged with pen and paper, and sat down to write a plan of her proposed campaign, which she did, until the return of the messenger dispatched to the Euston Square station for her "baggage," which was then deposited in her bedroom.

The quasi Mrs. Brooks, as the evening waned, felt anxious for the presence of her old paramour, Scamperwell, and would, notwithstanding its unorthodoxy, have gone off at eleven o'clock at night in search of that theatrical personage, had she not, to use her own words, thought it "next to useless;" for Sylvanus, she knew, was a late as well as a very irregular bird. Under these circumstances, she sank to slumber with a tired feeling and an unsettled mind, intending at once to proceed to the house in Arundel Street in the event of Mr. Scamperwell not calling before ten o'clock on the following morning.

She was awake and up early on the new day, partly owing to being starved out of bed, in consequence of a deficient supply of covering, and partly to her own restlessness. Certain it is that her teeth chattered in front of the looking-glass, as she stood combing her long brown hair, which hung over a nakedness of shoulder; her whole figure, however, indicating an extreme paucity of clothing. She sallied forth to breakfast at half-past eight, when the bell was rung, and, having lived in "the States," cared not, as a reasonable consequence, whom she met or sat down with. A clerk in the Admiralty asked her how she liked America; and the half-dozen present stared at her as she replied to the question.

Another said, "Had you a pleasant passage?" while one old gentleman, who had purchased an annuity in order that he might retire from the cares of life and do nothing

but increase and improve his knowledge of the English language, his mother tongue, as he called it, observed, "You have everything on a very gigantic, colossal, that is to say stupendous, scale in the United States. Your rivers, lakes, cataracts, mountains, plains, in fact your very continent itself, are all on the same unbounded, vast, enormous, preposterous—I beg pardon, huge, plan."

"Yes," answered Mrs. Brooks, "I believe they are."

Everyone else smiled at the more than usual grandiloquence of Dr. Fustian.

"The inhabitants of the republic or confederacy are associated as of a very enterprizing, impetuous, go-a-head, ardent, and undauntable nature."

Mrs. Brooks laughed, and said, "Yes, I guess you're right."

"I beg your exoneration," he continued, "when I say that the phraseology of the

inhabitants is not in every case that of Great Britain; that is, the construction of a word's meaning, and its frequent use or obsoleteness is not alike in the two countries; to wit, the words guess, calculate, slick, congress, and, if I may be allowed, tarnation."

At this there was a general laugh, in which Dr. Fustian manifested no objection to join.

"Your institutions, I perceive, are of that free, unfettered, and laudable nature which an aboriginal—pardon me—a young and courageous people might be expected to originate, organise, and foster. I consider the Americans as a nation superlatively preeminent—"

"Oh! Dr. Fustian," ejaculated a lady, in a tone of reproach for such unqualified praise of Uncle Sam.

"Yes," continued he, "I consider them

egregiously so. They have attained a *locus standi* among nations; they have not only done that, but have made a name—a great thing now-a-days." (He was thinking of his own unsuccessful attempt at authorship.) "They have distinction, power, repute, celebrity, and, moreover, as much greatness, honour, glory, renown, and aggrandisement, as explorers and pioneers could hope for; and what is still more striking, they have made their Confederacy of States one of the most attractive political constellations in the world."

Dr. Fustian, after delivering himself of this, leant back in his chair and listened to the plaudits of his smiling audience.

"They may," he resumed, "be immorigerous, rash, and, perhaps, too nomadic in their habits; they may be too fond of translocation, relegation, and convection; of vestitation and traction"

"Pork and beans you mean, doctor," put in a breakfast eater.

"No! I don't mean any such thing," replied he, indignant at the interruption. "They may be too fond," he went on to say, "of travelling, and be in consequence more erratic and unsettled than those who have the phrenological organ of locality more peculiarly developed; but they are, nevertheless, a magnanimous race of bipeds, and—"

Cries of "oh! oh!" and laughter universal, in the midst of which the landlady asked the doctor for his teacup, thereby completely interrupting the thread of his argument, Mrs. Brooks adjourned to the drawing room; and the *Times* newspaper, which was greedily devoured, soon afterwards made its appearance in her stead, and suggested, in the absence of "the American lady," new themes for the doctor's illustration.

As Mrs. Brooks was in the act of going down stairs *en route* for Arundel Street, at ten o'clock, Mr. Sylvanus Scamperwell pulled the "visitors'" bell, and had the gratification of seeing the object of his visit contemporaneously with the opening of the street door.

"Oh! come in. How are you? I'm so glad to see you," said she warmly, and in her thoughtlessness, or contempt for the conventional rules of society, she led him up to her bedroom, there to talk over matters; she also kissed him, after the continental manner.

"It's very odd—these Americans are like the French—perhaps it's her brother," remarked the landlady, in allusion to the bedchamber interview then going on, and she felt quite perturbed in consequence. "I've my doubts about her," she continued.

"Oh, women! women! ye are harsh

critics and judges of each other (never mind whether this boarding-housekeeper was or was not in the present case); the kisses ye exchange are a mere mockery, and your language of endearment too often hides your contempt and jealousy; and those ye caress ye cannot always forbear to scandalize. Oh, life! oh, world! ye are alike difficult to define. Let us close our chapter.

CHAPTER X.

Mrs. Brooks responded to the lunch-bell at one o'clock, and had again the felicity of encountering Dr. Fustian and a select three. The landlady, according to custom, was not present; the fact was she had a hot dinner served up in her own parlour every day at two, which invigorated her for the task of carving at the general dinner four hours later.

"May I ask you, Mrs. Brooks," commenced the doctor, "if you find the same consentaneousness, congeniality, and har-

mony—that is to say, an equal amount of relevancy, coaptation, and congruence—amongst the people of this country as of America?"

"They are more free and less conventional," replied she, in her most ladylike manner, and with a smile which was shared in by the other three.

"Just so. *Rem acu tetigisti.* They quadrate with. Alas, for this country! *Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam jungere*"—

He was here interrupted with

"I'll trouble you for the mustard, doctor;" but for which he might have gone on with his Latin for six weeks, more or less, as we say.

"I had observed," resumed the doctor, after passing the mustard, "that the constitution, character, crasis, and idiocrasy of the American character, together with the diagnostics and incarnation of the race,

have certain specialities and peculiarities which I would beg to recommend to your careful study."

Here he commenced mastication, and was troubled for the salt.

"I find," resumed he, "that the correlation, analogy, homology, and homogeneity which the people of the United States and England bear to each other, is not at all owing to any transatlantic influence."

"No!" said Mrs. Brooks; nevertheless without understanding what he meant.

"It must always," he resumed, "be a matter of great importance to this country to have the co-operation, concurrence, and union of so great a republic; in fact, the existence of any antagonism, or polarity, of any retroactive or cohibitive movement would be lamentable beyond credence."

"You're right, doctor; the truest thing you've said!" ejaculated an individual, with his mouth full.

"With respect to your railway cars or carriages, Mrs. Brooks, I find that there is more jactitancy, oscillation, and nutation; and that they librate and waggle more when in motion than those on English railways; that may be owing, however, to the imponderability of the one, and the ponderosity of the other."

"Hear, hear!" ejaculated the mustard-eater; and the doctor, after causing a rapid disappearance of his luncheon, was about to lay down his knife and fork, when—

"A little more cheese, doctor!" caused him to recommence his observations on men and things.

"No more,—not any more, I thank you," he replied. "Impletion, repletion, and saturation, are things necessary and beneficial; plenitude is, however, preferable to a surfeit; for myself, I have had *quantum sufficit*, and am contented,—a truly happy

lot; for where a deficit exists, dissatisfaction and flaccidity cannot fail to be present; neither where there is a surplusage or inundation can pleonasm or supervacaneousness do other than supervene."

"Your health, doctor," spoke the mustard eater, at this climax, applying his wine glass to his lips, and while those present smiled and felt amused as usual.

"With respect to the *savoir vivre*, in other words the conviviality and consociation, the intercommunity and the homiletical relations of the Americans, Mrs. Brooks," rebegan the doctor.

"Yes, sir," answered that lady.

"Well, with respect to them, I say," ("He's talking about people's relations; he'll be coming across my uncle Jones presently," observed the mustard eater, to one who sat next him)—"that they are more natural and agreeable than those of this country, where

exclusion and ostracism are the chief characteristics, and each man is, more or less, a cenobite and a troglodyte in disposition."

Here he came to a full stop, and then ejaculated, "*Aller planter ses choux.*"

Mrs. Brooks now made some remarks respecting America and the Americans, to which the doctor listened with evident attention and pleasure.

"Yes, just so," he resumed, "their courtesy, *bienséance*, mansuetude, *prévenance*, and I may add *accueil*, particularly towards the ladies of their community, of which I've read, is highly to be commended, and would, no doubt, present a striking contrast, if closely submitted, to the cantankerous morosity and procacity so frequently displayed in this country; together with a certain brusquerie, and I may add *grossièreté*, which is unfortunately too much apparent amongst us."

Mrs. Brooks said, "I quite agree with you," in her most winning tone, as she rose from the table, *en route* for her bedroom; after which the doctor relapsed into silence, and then retired also.

Let us recur to Mr. Sylvanus Scamperwell, from which our new and bombastic acquaintance, the *outré* Fustian, has so far led us.

Immediately after hearing the tale of his old *chère amie*, he took up the cudgels of war, and proceeded to make an attack on the indefensible Brooks, at his hotel in Trafalgar Square. To his dismay, he learnt on arriving there, that "Mr. Brooks and family" had left an hour previously for where no one appeared to know. By the exercise of a little ingenuity, however, the number of the cab by which he had left was discovered, and on its return to the stand opposite—which Mr. Scamperwell made it

his business to wait for—the price of a pint of beer to the driver put that dexterous individual in possession of the address at which the Brooks family had been put down.

Strange world, reader; very strange.

CHAPTER XI.

To number 26, Baker Street, the new residence of Theophilus Brooks, Mr. Sylvanus Scamperwell took his unweary way on foot. To find his lodgings so suddenly invaded very much astonished the ex-regulator and bushranger, and he wondered who the "gentleman" announced could be. However, he without hesitation consented to see him, when no less an individual than his old friend Scamperwell, was ushered in. Instinctively he guessed the object of his mission, and wished him at

New Jerusalem, or any other place rather than Baker Street in consequence. The two men, however, shook hands.

"I only just heard of your arrival," spoke Scamperwell; "and from no other than your wife; I never was so surprised in my life."

"Well, and what about her? she's no longer my wife," said Brooks, with energy and emphasis.

"What about it?—not your wife!—yes she is, just as much as ever she was. It's a very serious affair. Tell me; are you married to your present lady?" and as he said this, he leant over to pick a shred of cotton fibre off the coat collar of Brooks.

"Sylvanus Scamperwell," spoke the latter sternly, "you and I know each other. Do we not?"

"Yes;" answered that hero of the Surrey boards.

"Well, then," continued the other, "you know that I'm not fool enough to be handled by you in this matter. The woman behaved falsely to me; she ran off with my money from San Francisco; she went with another man; and what could she expect me to do after that? When I got back to New York, I married again, and did a very good thing; and now that I'm getting square with the world, she must dog me across the Atlantic, and get you to hunt me the rest of the way. No, Mr. Scamperwell. I'll have no conversation or negociation with you on the subject; and so the sooner we close our interview the better."

"For fifty pounds," said the theatrical gent, "I'll have all put right."

"Not a farthing!" ejaculated Brooks.

Scamperwell insisted, the other indignantly remonstrated, and high words ensued between them.

"You are a convict and a bigamist," said one; "and I'll give you in charge of the police."

"You are a liar and a swindler," said the other; "and if you don't leave the house this minute, I'll kick you out of it;" and in consequence of some non-compliant hesitation on the part of Scamperwell, the other suiting the action to the word, opened the drawing room door, and positively did kick him out of the room, and down stairs, in spite of the resistance offered, nor did he rest satisfied till he had still further kicked him into the street, and shut the hall door upon him. Of course there was great commotion amongst the servants, and other inmates of the house, including the wife of Brooks, who was as much pained by the uproarious occurrence, as the landlady was indignant. The latter having overheard the discussions of Scam-

perwell, requested her new lodger to leave, which Brooks, glad of the opportunity, consented to do forthwith; and, calling a couple of cabs, the family, including the fille de chambre, of Mrs. Brooks, were once more, together with their "baggage", on the high road—to where was not yet settled. Brooks gave the driver authority to drive to "some west-end hotel" (he was not familiar with the names of any, or, if so, in the confusion of the moment he could not recollect them), in accordance with which order, he, of the whip, came to a full stop at the door of the Clarendon in Bond Street.

Mrs. Brooks was about to urge her husband to go somewhere else, so unprepossessed was she by the dingy look of the said house, which she considered in her own mind to be anything but first class, when the cab door was opened, and they were

ushered into the hotel. Even the well appointed and extravagant Clarendon did not in the least come up to Mrs. Brooks's ideal of a hotel, neither was it, in comparison with similar establishments of the United States, for a moment to be eulogised, while the expense,—well, we'll say nothing about that.

While this movement had been taking place, Sylvanus Scamperwell had been using his strongest endeavours to actuate D 456 (the policeman on duty in Baker Street), to proceed to the lodgings of Mr. Theophilus Brooks, and from thence conduct him to the Clerkenwell Police Office, charged with the double offence of assault and bigamy; but failing in his object, this now savage actor in the drama of life was compelled to rest satisfied with summoning the object of his indignation for the assault. He did not care to trouble

himself about prosecuting further the alleged case of bigamy, as he said that nothing was to be gained by it, while the event of its transpiring publicly might lead to a discovery of the whole deception. Very different, however, was the determination of the woman who had followed him from Manhattan to the Mersey.

On the morning following, after hearing from Scamperwell the result of his interview, she took her way to Bow Street, and there stated her case to the sitting magistrate, who, believing the statement, granted her the required summons. It was impossible to effect an immediate service of these two respective documents, owing to the fact of Brooks having left the address named, *i. e.* 26, Baker Street,—a circumstance which occasioned both summoners much dissatisfaction, and stirred up the fire of their wrath.

Truly, Victor Trelawney had met with a warm reception on his return to England, the land of his nativity as well as of his peccadillos.

CHAPTER XII.

On the day following the removal of Brooks to Bond Street, he took his way to the residence of his friend, Charles Winterthorne, situated in Eaton Square, an address which had been conveyed to him in a letter received a few days prior to his departure from Bagdad. Under the extended name of Charles Lucien De Burgh Winterthorne, the successful claimant of the estate of his childless and defunct uncle, had established himself in what the British are fond of calling a princely style and mansion, and

that together and in combination with his wife *segunda*, Jacquet Rosenthal, the daughter of our eccentric friend, Napoleon De Snag, and their only child, a fine intelligent lad, of German aspect as well as accent.

Winterthorne had already converted his share of the property into cash; and the amount, nine thousand eight hundred and sixty pounds, lay in respective halves to his credit in the London and Westminster and the London Joint-Stock Banks; for he wisely considered, that in the event of a monetary crisis and smash it would be more agreeable to lose half only than the whole of his wealth, which would be obviated, to a great extent, by investing in two distinct concerns; for, said he, there is nothing bad but what might be worse; neither is there anything good but what might be better: and he spoke like a philosopher.

But although Mr. Charles Lucien De Burgh Winterthorne had thus come into possession of, and deposited with praiseworthy and judicious care and promptitude, the sum of nine thousand eight hundred and sixty pounds, it was not his intention to so readily and zealously contribute to its liquidation. No; it was that gentleman's intention to fare sumptuously on the mere reputation, on the mere fact, of his having a banker's balance to that amount—a thing, it may be mentioned, which he found it in no way difficult to practise and carry out to his most complete desire.

He had furnished his mansion in Eaton Square in a manner at once sumptuous and costly, and that was on twelve months credit. His family carriage, his brougham, and his horses, were had on similar terms, as also was his magnificent plate; while half the tradesmen in the metropolis would

have courted his patronage, and bowed and scraped for a year without even asking for payment,—as, indeed, a fashionable number had already begun to do, from the tailor, who had supplied his retinue of servants with their liveries, to the jeweller and milliner, who had completed some *chef-d'œuvre* in pearl or Honiton lace, for the personal adornment of his *cara sposa.*

Theophilus Brooks, we have said, took his way to this superb abiding place of his old fellow bushranger, and, to do the latter justice, was warmly received by him, both in manner and feeling. Had Brooks advised his friend by letter as to what train he intended to leave Liverpool by, Winterthorne would have felt an almost unbounded pleasure in sending his carriage to await his arrival in London, and to convey himself and family to Eaton Square.

Such was the love which never dieth, and

which was entertained by these ex-roamers over the Australian wilderness towards each other; for, even as Winterthorne was, so was Brooks.

The latter, together with his wife, was invited to dinner for that day; "And, by the by, you'll meet Mr. Trelawney, my friend of the shipwreck, that I introduced you to at Bagdad," said Winterthorne.

Brooks was not astounded at the magnificence of Winterthorne's establishment, for the latter had apprized him, in a letter before alluded to, of his having inherited the estate of his deceased uncle; yet, as Brooks passed a gorgeously arrayed flunkey, starched and powdered, who opened the street door for his exit, he could not refrain from soliloquising within himself on the varieties of life in general, and the career of Winterthorne in particular.

That evening the friends and their re-

spective wives, together with our hero, dined alone, at the mansion in Eaton Square.

Brooks invited the three to do likewise with him on the day following, at the Clarendon, which was agreed upon.

That evening he had a conversation with our hero which induced him to make an appointment the ensuing morning at Eastbourne Terrace, where the latter still resided.

"It's a singular circumstance no doubt, very singular," spoke Brooks, on the occasion of his visit; "but you're my son—yes, I've not the least doubt about it now."

CHAPTER XIII.

It was twenty minutes past seven o'clock in the evening, and the residents in the boarding house in which the pseudoical Mrs. Brooks had located herself were gathered round the dining room fire, as was their usual wont in the daily interval between dinner and tea. The conversation was general, and, as usual, Dr. Fustian monopolised the lion's share of it.

"Why, you're quite a walking dictionary, doctor," remarked one of the party. The observation was received in good part,

Fustian being a man of genial disposition notwithstanding his terrific assaults on the English language.

"Well, sir; it is owing to the extreme perversion of the rules of syntax, praxis, and philology, by the *profanum vulgus*, *οἱ πολλοι*, and *canaille* of society; by, I may say, every *prolétaire*, *roturier*, and *novus homo*, that I have been prompted to make the English language my careful study as well as to enrich it with such foreign words and phrases as are more expressive than any application of the mother tongue."

"Hear, hear," from an individual marked with the small-pox.

"The result is, that I am familiar with every word in the language (great sensation); and much beyond, and can consequently express any meaning that I may wish to convey, in a variety of forms. For instance, we were speaking of the people

at large; I can say, with equal effect, the commonalty, vulgar herd, populace, multitude, mobility, peasantry, crowd, million—the mob, rabble, scum, dregs, *vox populi:* or,—boor, churl, carl, kern, tyke, chaff, ryot and fellah; or, again,—a clown, hind, clodhopper, bogtrotter, bumpkin, gaffer, loon, looby, lout, gamin; or, again (cries of "hold hard doctor")—a gaberlunzie, muckworm, *sans culotte*, raff, tatterdemallion, caitiff, ragamuffin (cries of "Hear, hear"), and Pariah." Here he paused to take breath. "Again, the tag-rag and bobtail, the riffraff; a Vandal, Goth, barbarian and Yahoo (much laughter). A rustic, a cockney; scrubby, raffish, and barbaric."

Much ironical applause greeted the end of this rapid delivery, in the midst of which, some one pinched the doctor's legs.

An interval of ten minutes, to use the language of the playbills, may be supposed to have elapsed.

"I maintain," spoke the doctor, "that the English language is capable of more vigour, force, power, point and raciness; of more spirit, liveliness, piquancy and warmth; in other words, of more gravity, elevation, loftiness, boldness and sententiousness—and, in fact, of more sublimity and eloquence than any other language extant." (Several groans and some hilarious gesticulations.) "It is more sparkling and nervous ("He's been drinking strong tea," from the small-pox party), more glowing, petulant and slashing, more antithetical and vehement, even more impassioned and poetic than is the language of any other people in the world." (Much disorderly dissension, and "What a jolly bore he is," from a fair young man, with a pair of cosmetique besmeared moustachios.)

"Love is a holy passion, doctor," observed a sentimental law clerk, interrogatively, and

with a view of drawing him out in that direction.

The magniloquent Fustian pricked up his ears with amazing warmth as if at the very mention of the name, and he exclaimed with fervour, "Love! yes, the most beautiful and deified of all passions. It's sensations, impressions, and emotions can never be eradicated ("From your bosom, doctor;" words by Small-pox.) It is the joy and the stimulus of life, the *penetralia mentis* of felicity. ("I beg your pardon, doctor;" spoken with emphasis by the *marked* man, but totally disregarded by Fustian.) Love is pathoscopic. It is at once vehement and fervent, and as full of tingling ardour as of enthusiastic eagerness. (Much laughter from everybody present.) All its flutter and flurry,—its trepidation, palpitation, and panting,—its blushes and agitation,—are things which counteract the more morbid feelings of our nature."

"Why, you don't mean to say you feel all that, eh! doctor?" said the now doubly marked man; which was followed by general but incipient laughter.

The doctor paused on this occasion, and addressing his questioner, said, in perfect good humour, "Unless you wish me, Sir Lucius O'Trigger, to denounce you as a Caliban, *fanfaron*, and swashbuckler, you will not wish to pry into the recesses of my heart, nor yet insist upon my answering your question."

"Hear, hear," and much applause, in which the so-called Sir Lucius O'Trigger heartily joined.

The party here suddenly broke up and adjourned to the drawing room, where Dr. Fustian proceeded to do the amiable by entering into a little quiet conversation with the ladies, Mrs. Brooks included, contemporaneously with which cups of tea

were handed about in various directions; and no less a personage than Mr. Sylvanus Scamperwell was ushered into the general presence.

He was a thin, wiry man, with grey, twinkling, detective-looking, eyes, standing about five feet nine inches high, and wearing a nose as sharp in its termination as was the look of his entire countenance, in which cunning was palpably paramount. He was clad in a suit of dingy black, and his hair, which was of a half ringlet pattern, was copiously oiled. His linen was murky, and, as if to call attention to the fact, he wore an enormous gorgeously headed pin, (price eighteenpence,) stuck in the centre of his shirt front. He was not ill made, but in appearance he was a third rate actor, or a ditto county court attorney; in other words, he was a man of dubious look, and people in general would have been just

as disinclined to trust, or place trust in him, as they would have been to disinterestedly pronounce him a gentleman.

"I've found him out," said Scamperwell, in a half whisper, alluding of course to our persecuted friend, Theophilus of Bagdad.

The face of Mrs. Brooks expressed more than she ejaculated on hearing this, and, after motioning him to silence while in the drawing room, she drank her tea, Scamperwell doing likewise, as, at the invitation of the tray-bearer, he had taken a cup. She then rose, and beckoning him to accompany her, actually led the way into her bed-room, where they both seated themselves.

CHAPTER XIV.

We will here explain, and the circumstance is peculiar enough, how Mr. Scamperwell found out the alleged husband of his old *amoroso*, as mentioned in the preceding chapter. Know then, O reader, that our hero, accompanied by Theophilus Brooks, took his way on the morning of their meeting at Eastbourne Terrace, to the cottage of Sally Dykes, in the Borough.

Sylvanus Scamperwell had repaired thither that same morning, and was seated in the old woman's parlour when the two entered.

Our hero shook hands with him rather heartily, but the effect produced upon Brooks was something astounding. The surprise of the former when he found that the others were seemingly known to each other, was proportionately great; and, altogether, the group were in a high and complete state of embarrassment and perplexity.

"She's very like my old mother," ejaculated Brooks, within himself, as he eyed, with a somewhat scrutinizing gaze, the venerable Sally. "Her name was Sarah," he continued, thinking of the being upon whom he had scarce bestowed a thought for many a long year of his adventurous and too inglorious lifetime.

"He's very like my Willy," thought Sally Dykes, at almost the same moment.

"Well, Mr. Brooks! so you left your lodgings," spoke Scamperwell.

"Sir; you and I have nothing more to

say to each other," answered the other; and taking hold of the arm of our hero, he said, "Come away!"

"Come away, eh? Yes! you will with a policeman," responded Scamperwell, menacingly.

Brooks seized him by the coat collar and shook him, receiving in return, however, a rather formidable blow in the face. The end of all this was, that Scamperwell gave Brooks there and then into custody on a charge of assault, and that the latter preferred a counter charge of a similar nature, which resulted in both taking their way to the Southwark police office, the one, however, being more in the capacity of plaintiff than anything else. The charge being too late for hearing on that day, Brooks was admitted to bail, his friend Winterthorne, whom he had dispatched a messenger for, being his surety.

Sally Dykes had followed them to the station house, and while Brooks was waiting for his bail to arrive, they, together with our hero, were allowed the occupancy of a private room. Conversation was at once begun on the part of Brooks respecting our hero, which was succeeded by Sally Dykes entering, as a natural consequence, into a statement of her own case and fortunes, which, indeed, she had been very eager to do since the paragraph announcing the creation of the Seapark peerage had made its appearance in the Sunday newspaper before mentioned.

"As I guessed—just as I guessed. By the stars of heaven, and the United States, you are my own mother." The old woman fell back in confusion.

"Then, are you Willy?" she at length asked; and contemporaneously with his reply "I am!" she clutched him in her

embrace and wept. "Bless me! I heard you were dead and buried long—long since," she said, withdrawing her head from his breast, and looking up into his face with tear-deluged eyes. "My own dear child!" she ejaculated, and wept again.

"I remember you quite well, mother. How strange. Where's my father—Mr. Cumberland? you told me just now," spoke Brooks, in a rambling, incoherent manner.

"In Drury Lane. He'll be glad to see you," answered she, with emotion. "I'm going there to night. It's only a fortnight since I knew he was alive." There was a pause. "Bless me," resumed Sally; "your brother's a lord—a judge." Then, turning to our hero, she exclaimed—"And it was my own grandchild that I nursed! Dear fellow!" and clutching him in her embrace she sobbed like a child, and half swooningly

gave vent to her oppressed feelings, of love, of joy, and of excitement.

That afternoon Sylvanus Scamperwell took his way again to the cottage of the morning's scene between himself and Brooks, and from her learnt the entire particulars of that individual being the son of Cumberland, and consequently, brother to the peer, who, being himself childless, left the succession open to him on his decease. William Henry Cumberland, Victor Trelawney, or Theophilus Brooks, as the reader may choose to call him, therefore, stood heir presumptive to the baronage of Seapark. This being the case, his alleged son, Trelawney of the Blues, appeared next in the order of succession, as eldest son of the former. Scamperwell seized his opportunity and repaired to Knightsbridge Barracks, there to confront and lay the suddenly altered state of affairs before the august cornet.

CHAPTER XV.

On the following morning there was a grand meet at the police office in the Borough Road; the pseudo Mrs. Brooks, of Upper Bedford Place, was there, in a high state of indignation, as was also her ally Scamperwell, together with Sally Dykes, our hero, Winterthorne, and, as a matter of course, the defendant himself. The case of assault was quickly disposed of, by the magistrate's recommendation of an arrangement of mutual apology being entered into between the contending parties, which de-

cision greatly incensed our theatrical friend, and was never acted upon; in other words, the case was dismissed.

From Southwark all the parties—except Scamperwell, who took his way to Knightsbridge barracks—proceeded on wheels to Bow Street, where Brooks had been summoned to appear on the previous afternoon. The case was only partly heard on that day, and Brooks was remanded for further evidence, (he all the while declaring that the plaintiff was an impostor, and that she was not his wife at all, nor in fact the daughter of Sir Wyndham Berkeley, as represented,) Winterthorne's bail, however, being accepted for his appearance on the following Friday. It was now Wednesday. Sufficient had transpired, during the proceedings in court, to enable the daily journals to present a good and interesting case of bigamy, for the edification of the public on the succeeding morning.

Sir Wyndham Berkeley perused the report in question with a more than ordinary interest attaching to police cases. He wondered and ruminated in vain; for he was unable to divine the mystery of such proceedings, or arrive at any conclusion respecting the same. His ideas on the subject were vague as vapours, and undetermined as the wave. He called for his brougham, and drove to the Yarborough mansion, and there sought an interview with the Duchess. He was as much excited and indignant as he was filled with surprise at the publication of such intelligence, in which he was plainly alluded to as the father of Victor Trelawney's first wife.

"Read that," said he, addressing her Grace, as he pointed out the cause of his perturbation and his visit.

The Duchess read,—she was bewildered,—she spoke incoherently,—she knew not

what to think, — she felt disgraced at her niece's conduct. "The plaintiff, the daughter of Sir Wyndham Berkeley," figuring in public print, was enough to induce such a feeling; but so overcome was she with emotion, that when the ejaculation of "Then she's living!" came forth, she doubted her own utterance, and sank back, half unconsciously, in her chair; while Sir Wyndham, with a countenance full of painful expression, stood looking vacantly on.

CHAPTER XVI.

Scamperwell had not been successful in procuring an interview with the military personage quartered in Knightsbridge Barracks, on the day sketched, which resulted in a renewal of his attempt on the following morning, immediately after the hearing of his summons against Brooks, at the Southwark Police Office. The weather was cold and gusty, and attenuated pedestrians passed each other with the most blighted of looks. Scamperwell travelled by omnibus; he had

done the same thing, with the same object —money—in view often before. But, as on more than one occasion, he had declared to the cornet that that should be the last time of asking, and while it had been equally emphatically declared on the part of the other, that it should be his last time of giving, the chances of the theatrical gent's success in this case were (at least to an ordinary observer), unquestionably small.

"The party as was here yesterday afternoon, wants to see you, captain," spoke the cornet's servant.

"Who is it—a dun?" asked the other.

"No; don't know him," was the reply.

Then, as if regardless of every consequence, he ejaculated, "Show him in." Scamperwell entered.

The cornet, although he had not seen him for half a year, received him with con-

temptuous indifference, almost amounting to indignation. He felt disposed to order his servant to show him out again, and neither rose nor offered his hand.

"I deserve it," muttered the visitor to himself.

"Well, Mr. Scamperwell, what's up now? Money again, eh? I can tell you you'll get none from me."

Scamperwell, not at all disconcerted, proceeded to sit down, and say, "No. I've called about something special."

"What's that, pray?" asked the other, without however expressing, or in fact feeling, the smallest amount of curiosity.

"Well, it's a matter of importance—yes, a matter of great importance," responded the visitor.

The other eyed him with some earnestness, almost amounting to displeasure.

"Are we quite private? that is, can

anyone hear us?" asked Scamperwell, in a confidential half whisper.

"What the deuce do you mean by all that?" said the other, with some show of irritability and indignation.

"Well, to business, Mr. Trelawney," resumed the visitor.

"To business—what does he mean?" ejaculated the other, in silence.

"Well, sir, in the first place, you're not the one you're supposed to be—you're not the son of Sir Wyndham Berkeley's daughter, and as there's something very important now in course of transpiration—nothing less than a peerage in fact—I thought it right to see you on the subject." At the end of this address, the cornet expressed himself in language not to be here repeated, and of by no means a complimentary nature towards his guest and father. "I have ample proof at my command," continued

Scamperwell, "and I tell you that you are either a peer or a beggar at my bidding—I alone have put you where you are; I alone can lift you still higher, and make you—it's no secret—Baron Cumberland."

The cornet, half awed with wonder, and sore vexed at the humiliation of being in the seeming power of the man before him, sneered at, and inwardly cursed him, without even uttering a word.

"It's for you to say what you'll do," resumed Scamperwell.

"Do, sir, leave the room; I believe you to be an impostor;" spoke the other, pulling the bell for his servant.

"What, sir—what do you say?" asked the other, threateningly, and advancing towards him in a bolder manner than he had ever before done. The servant appeared.

"Show that man out:" said the cornet, pointing with a look of contemptuous indignation at the individual alluded to.

"What did you say, sir? retract it:" repeated Scamperwell, now standing close beside him.

"No: I repeat it; I believe you to be a rascal and impostor."

The words were no sooner said, than the elder one took hold of the cornet's ears, and shook them in the most resolute manner, to the great pain and increased indignation of that British warrior, whose face grew crimson and purple with rage under the operation, which lasted for some length of time, in spite of the endeavours of the cornet's servant to release his master from the infliction. The moment that George Augustus Trelawney broke loose, however, he exercised himself in such a frantic horsewhipping of Scamperwell,

that a fierce battle ensued, in which the servant zealously took the part of his master, and received sundry blows and kicks in return at the hands and feet of the enemy.

"What a frightful *mêlée!* What the d——'s up?" broke in the voice of a brother officer of Trelawney's, who entered in the waning height of the uproar.

"Ah, Paget!" gasped the latter, with tremulous voice and ghastly look, as he leant against the wall whither Scamperwell had just flung him; while that individual stood up in the middle of the room with a look of savage defiance, and a whip, which he had just wrested from the cornet, in his hand.

Suffice it for the moment to say, that Mr. Sylvanus Scamperwell was given into the custody of a certain bottle-blue functionary, who escorted him to the Westmin-

ster Police Court, there to answer for his assault on the person of George Augustus Trelawney, Cornet in Her Majesty's Horse Guards.

When the defendant Scamperwell was brought up, he displayed his usual shrewdness of policy, by preserving an entire silence as to the subject matter of his visit to the Guardsman, (*i. e.* his own son ;) and submitted with calm equanimity to the decision of the magistrate, which was a fine of 40*s.* and costs, or, in default of payment, fourteen days imprisonment. Scamperwell, of course, preferred the former ; and, after procuring the balance between what he found himself possessed of and the amount of the fine, from his mother-in-law, he cheerfully paid off his detainer, just in time to escape being carried away in the Newgate van.

CHAPTER XVII.

"And he's my son,—my only child!" ruminated Sylvanus Scamperwell, on the morning following the event last chronicled. His countenance, which was diversified by a cut lip, bruised nose, and an uncommon blueness about one eye, reminded him but too palpably of the recent scuffle at Knightsbridge barracks. Judging by his looks, he was in a very reflective mood indeed; but seemed to ponder with sorrow on the fact, lamentable no doubt, that he had made a rod for his own back in the person of his

unacknowledged son, the pseudo grandchild of Sir Wyndham Berkeley.

He was thus reflecting, when a loud series of knocks saluted the door of the house in which he lived, which was rapidly followed by the appearance of Mrs. Brooks, the Bow Street plaintiff of the previous day, in a high state of excitement, with a newspaper of that morning's issue in her hand, wherein figured, under the heading "Police Intelligence," an "Extraordinary case of bigamy in high life."

Scamperwell perused the article with a combined feeling of astonishment and rage; the quasi Mrs. Brooks pouring out in the meantime a volley of irrelevant comment.

"It's all up," ejaculated he, on putting down the paper; "you must keep away, otherwise you'll get me, and yourself too, into trouble."

"Keep away, sir—keep away, did you

say? What do you mean? man! Sylvanus Scamperwell, what do you mean? Answer me," spoke she, with excited gesture and vehemence.

Scamperwell felt annoyed. "Don't talk to me in that way," said he, "it's of no use —no earthly use, I can tell you. I'll have nothing more to do with the confounded affair; I've had too much of it already; and here's another mess," alluding to the police report.

"Won't you indeed; won't you; but I'll make you. Ah! Sylvanus Scamperwell, you don't know me yet. Keep away, eh?"

"Don't talk like a maniac," said Scamperwell, angrily; "I tell you that I'll have nothing more to do with it; and if you wish to preserve your liberty, you'll follow my example."

"I guess you think me a fool then, eh?" resumed the adventuress, "and that I drag-

ged all the way across the Atlantic to look at you, eh? No; I'm a desperate woman, and whatever it is I'll go through with it."

The consequence was that, in spite of the earnest dissuasion of Scamperwell, the pseudo Mrs. Brooks made her reappearance at Bow Street on the day appointed for the rehearing of her complaint, accompanied by her attorney, who, with the parish registrar's certificate of the marriage between Victor Trelawney and Jane Berkeley in his possession, felt very confident in the success of his client's prosecution.

Thus it will be seen that our amiable plaintiff had made the best use of her knowledge concerning the marriage between the parties above named, and was resolved to brave out the personation in which she had so long succeeded, and even in the very face of law and the testament persist in a declaration which, although false, might be found hard to disprove.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was half-past ten o'clock in the morning, at Bow Street, when the magistrate took his seat. All London, and half England, was clad in a garb of snow, which had commenced falling on the previous evening, and flakes of which were still idly descending or being driven against the faces of Her Majesty's subjects, as they confronted the keen withering wind, and with hurried footsteps traversed the muffled streets, and spoke in muffled voices, and heard the muffled roll of traffic break half

solemnly, half silently, to sounding life. A crowd, in spite of the weather, had, as usual, gathered about the door of the police office; but as many as could, nestled in its dark lobby, where some of them exchanged ominous words and glances, and manifested a nervous impatience on behalf of something not yet *on*, that was scarcely to be expected from the possessors of such blue and frost affected visages. In a room—the messenger's—to the right of the passage, sat the *soi disant* Mrs. Brooks, the prosecutrix; she was waiting till her case was called on. (Occupying seats in the body of the court, were to be found, Sir Wyndham Berkeley, and Her Grace the Duchess of Yarborough.) When it was, the fact was communicated to her, and she walked in, face veiled, but with a haughty mien and firmness of step, which expressed that defiance she had already armed herself with.

"Jane Berkeley sworn."

"You declare positively on your oath before God, and in the eyes of the law, that you are the Jane Berkeley herein named?" spoke the counsel for the defence.

"I do," answered our adventuress with calm equanimity.

"Impostor!—she lies;" cried Sir Wyndham, from where he sat.

"Order in the court:" shouted the clerk.

The magistrate looked gruff; he was about to say something, but refrained.

Sir Wyndham Berkeley examined.

"I will solemnly swear that the woman before me is not my daughter." Here he was examined and cross-examined by the solicitor to the plaintiff, which quite disconcerted the old gentleman; and after a long and complex argumental controversy, the case was further adjourned for

the production of Sylvanus Scamperwell and Lawrence Cumberland, a summons being issued to each, compelling their attendance, Brooks being in the meantime discharged, so far as the complaint of bigamy was concerned.

CHAPTER XIX.

From the scene of contention last sketched, Sally Dykes, in company with Brooks and our hero, drove to the little dingy shop in Drury Lane, tenanted by Lawrence Cumberland, there to be introduced to that suffering old gentleman who had rendered himself so long invisible to her, his partner in the bond of matrimony.

"Here's Willy, Lawrence; here he is," ejaculated (on entering his room) the grey headed grandmother of the younger man, the mother of the second, and the wife of

the third, who lay with his black and greasy silk cap on his head, huddled up in a confusion of blankets and other covering, on the small stretcher bed we have before mentioned. The old man looked wistfully with upraised head at the two men before him. He looked confused, and seemed unable to divine which was the one referred to.

"Welcome, William; I've nothing for you, my lad," he at length exclaimed.

"Father, I want nothing;" answered the other, advancing close to the bedside, and taking hold of the sick man's right hand. "Allow me to present your grandson, Harry," introducing our hero. "I'm sorry to see you so ill, very; but never mind, there's a good time coming even now."

As the conversation advanced, however, it grew warmer, more so, indeed, than

the previous isolation of the parties demanded; but it was more engendered by the mere fact of kin and the novelty of surrounding circumstances—the career of the one and of the other—than any waking up of old recollections, or present manifestations of affection. Still the father, the son, the grandson, the wife, and the husband, had been brought together after careers as adventurous as the circumstances which now brought them together were singular, and as the incidents were rare.

CHAPTER XX.

So soon as Lawrence Cumberland recovered his health sufficiently to enable him to forsake his bed, he proceeded in a hackney cab to the residence of the new peer, Lord Seapark, in Grosvenor Square. To the astonishment of the lackeys, who supposed him to be a mendicant of some kind, he gave the name of Cumberland.

"One of his poor relations, think ye?" said one flunkey to the other.

But whatever they thought, there was something commanding and contemptuous

in the eye and glance of the visitor which repelled them, and which they, the most pert and contemptible of the working classes, were compelled to respect; for although the man before them was broken down both in fortune and in body, he had, by virtue of his attorneyship and subsequent military experience, imbued his mind with a certain scorn which he could summon up into his countenance whenever he chose; and that look, itself expressive of quiet determination, procured him an audience of Lord Seapark on the present occasion.

He looked a somewhat venerable cripple beside the stalwart form of the peer, as he now stood newly ushered into his library and presence.

"You cannot know me, my lord, unless by name; perhaps not even that. I'm Lawrence Cumberland, and I think the party alluded to in this newspaper paragraph."

Here he handed him the extract, which we have already quoted, being the one which had attracted the eye and senses of Sally Dykes on that memorable Sunday when Sylvanus Scamperwell visited her at her comfortable cottage-home near Kennington Park. The peer took the paragraph, eyeing the old man scrutinizingly as he did so.

"What, then, and are you my father?" he asked.

"I am no other," answered the veteran.

CHAPTER XXI.

A YEAR has elapsed since the interview between father and son described in the last chapter. Lawrence Cumberland and his wife, Sally Dykes, now live together in the most comfortable of circumstances, in a house of their own rental, in Doughty Street, Gray's Inn, and that on the strength of a life provision of two hundred a year, granted by the peer to the paternal ex-attorney, soldier, and tobacconist.

Our hero, having eaten the required dinners, has been admitted a member of the

Honourable Society of Gray's Inn, as his grandfather was before him.

His former representative, George Augustus, the son of Scamperwell, was abandoned by his august adoptress, the Duchess of Yarborough, immediately on the discovery being made, at the time of the Bow Street proceedings, that he was the mere instrument of a deception, practised by Scamperwell, his father, for the base object and consideration—money. His engagement with the daughter of Major Sandbag was severed at the same instant, and almost simultaneously his creditors pounced upon him with a ravenousness which nothing but cash down, in full, promised to appease; but which, unfortunately for themselves, they did not get.

The most important event, however, which the year has brought about is the re-appearance of Emily, the first wife of our

Nottingham friend, Charles Winterthorne. She, through the instrumentality of Doctor MacSlab, unexpectedly presented herself at the mansion of her long lost spouse, in Eaton Square, and immediately after her arrival from Bradford, where, together with her son Robert, she had been located in the house of an invalid widow lady, to whom she had acted as companion for the previous seven years. Her child had been as well educated as anything short of a public school would allow, and he was now articled to a Yorkshire attorney. Thus the wife of the ex-convict had struggled through life since his departure to the far-off land, that great isle of the ocean and garden of earth which now resounds with the cry of gold, and bids fair to outvie all beside, and become preeminent in the scale of nations.

We will witness an interview between

Winterthorne and his newly discovered spouse, the bride of Nottingham.

"Well, Kate, you see the state I'm in—married," said he. "But the fact of the matter is, I'm not at all satisfied; and if we can arrange it, I'll get up a separation, and then I shall be free. In the meantime, if you like to stay in apartments, you can."

At this stage of the conversation he rose, as if apprehensive of some listener outside the keyhole, and opening the door with a view of satisfying himself as to the presence or absence of such, he encountered no less a personage than his Hambro', and acknowledged, wife. Her countenance, which was full of indignation, expressed a mingling of shame at being thus publicly discovered in the stealthy act, but suddenly becoming exasperated, she harangued both Winterthorne and his supposed *chère amie* in terms too flagrant for repetition. The assailed

one, too savage to retort, and too prudent to allow the women long to confront each other, took the hand of the new arrival, and leading her towards the hall door, put on his hat and walked out with her.

* * * * *

"You see her, Kate," said the husband, with moody rage; "she's jealous—jealous as the ——. I wish we'd never parted, my dear girl," he continued; "but wishes are idle; we must do the best we can now. Therefore, the plan I propose is that we keep the secret as to our marriage, and that after I get up a separation with her, we go off to the continent and live there. I've plenty of money, and I'm tired of England."

We will not enter into further detail, or quote the conversation of the long estranged wife; but merely say that apartments were taken for her in Brook Street on that very day, where she subsequently resided, under

the name of Radley, being the one she had preserved and gone by since the time of her marriage. When a girl, which she was at the time of the latter event taking place, she was, to use a stock epithet, exceedingly pretty, and age, although it had, as a natural consequence, altered the tone of her beauty, nevertheless enhanced the attractions of her sex in some points of view, and left her in all the pride of buxomness. Whether the people where she lodged formed any opinion of their own as to her peculiar relationship with our friend Winterthorne, who now and here returned *pro tem.* to his patrimonial cognomen, and acknowledged himself the husband of the lady whom he visited in Brook Street or not, it is not for us to declare; but there is no doubt that the irregularity of his living there was sufficient to have induced suspicions as to the legality of their connection, however much they

might, in a moral light, have been all in all to each other, joint partners in love through the wilderness of life.

But the benign creature, the first espoused of our world-wide adventurer, lived on, heedless of opinion, and nestled her thoughts in the love and occasional presence of her lover. She had pardoned, and, moreover, deeply sympathized with her husband from the first moment she saw him at the house in Eaton Square; and feeling within herself that the circumstances justified the act of his second marriage, she flung herself upon him more a penitent than an accuser.

She reproached herself for not having left a sufficient clue at Nottingham as to the place of her new abode, so that the fortune-stricken object of her early attachment, yea, the father of her child, could have reclaimed her on his return from the land of his captivity. True, she was unaware that

the marriage alluded to took place even prior to his conviction in England. She never suspected it; but thought the alliance of as recent origin as had been their mutual restoration at the house of De Snag in Eastbourne Terrace. But even had the truth been communicated and made manifest to her, the generosity of her disposition, and the affection, still undiminished, which she entertained for him, would have been sufficient to make her bear the pangs of her own consequent jealousy and regret; and she would rather have shed the tears of sorrow and disappointment, and given him the kiss of forgiveness, than have pained him with reproach, or have sounded the trumpet of the law in the proclamation of her rights and of her wrongs.

Such was her sensitiveness, her goodness and her amiability, her affection and endurance towards the man whom she loved.

We will not say whether Winterthorne was unworthy or otherwise of a creature "so tender and so true." Let each judge as he listeth: the sequel may tell.

In the meanwhile, the possessor of the mansion in Eaton Square was on anything but satisfactory terms with the daughter of the De Snags. They seldom tenanted the same room, and Winterthorne had consulted a solicitor about "getting rid of her."

The De Snags were indignant at the conduct of Winterthorne towards her, and the lady herself was exceeding wroth and jealous; for the absence of her spouse from his home on sundry nights had but too plainly proclaimed his unfaithfulness to her. The husband of two wives was anxious for an immediate separation, and with that view was doing his best in the way of bringing about such a result.

Brooks, together with his American wife

and his child, was at this time inhabiting a mansion in Manchester Square, and living in a style of at once opulent comfort and fashionable mediocrity. He never intended returning to the New World. He was heir presumptive to a peerage, and having himself amassed a private fortune by his speculations in California and the United States, he had no occasion to resort to plans of money-making, nor yet to the miserable shifts of shabby nobility.

Although Sir Wyndham Berkeley was no less gratified than amused to find the fugitive husband of his only daughter thus favourably metamorphosed, he of course, together with the Yarborough family, were not on terms of the slightest friendship. He had been a dancing master, and a convict, and that was quite enough for them to remember, ever to allow the social barricade they had erected to be broken

down; on the other hand, Brooks was too proud to have made or accepted any overtures of the kind; not that he looked with disdain upon them, but he wisely judged that the associations of his career were, when placed in connexion with those of the parties named, quite unfit to be annexed, or yet to ever blend harmoniously together.

With regard to our hero, however, circumstances were different; the father even viewed the son in a different light and position to himself; and while the sole surviving descendant of Sir Wyndham Berkeley could hardly fail to be endeared to that worthy baronet, the Duchess, as well as those of the Yarborough family immediately concerned, felt a secret attachment for the only child of that unhappy mother, whose fate had been so mysterious, and was even now, as it ever promised to

be, shrouded in a seemingly impenetrable obscurity; and although the ardour of all concerned had, as a painful consequence, been considerably damped by the deception practised in the son of Scamperwell, it was nevertheless a gratifying thing to have thus raked up, as it were, from the mouldering ashes of the past, the true offspring of the rash but beloved and truly mourned daughter of the house of Berkeley. Therefore it was, that our hero was an occasional visitor at the mansion of his grandfather, as well as that of the Duchess, and that his fortunes were eagerly watched, by at least Sir Wyndham, whose home, and for that matter his purse, were always open to him.

Scamperwell, who had once been actively hunted after, was now unlooked and uncared for; while the *soi-disant* Mrs. Brooks had never been seen nor heard of since the

last unconcluded examination at Bow Street. She quitted the boarding-house, situate in Upper Bedford Place, one afternoon, in a high state of excitement, being the very day on which her third appearance at the adjourned examination should have been made at the police court. The manner in which she superintended the removal of her luggage, was a theme on which the fertile mind and grandiloquent language of Dr. Fustian enlarged in disconnected parts for three weeks afterwards, greatly, no doubt, to the edification and amusement of the boarders present.

CHAPTER XXII.

There was great sensation manifested one fine morning in the July of eighteen hundred and fifty-four, at the mansion of Charles Lucien De Burgh Winterthorne, Esq., in consequence of a report having spread amongst numerous tradesmen concerned, that the goods and chattels of that gentleman were being carried away in certain large furniture vans from the establishment in Eaton Square. This was ominously discomfiting intelligence for them; which resulted in their congregating and cogitating

together in and about the said mansion on the morning mentioned, to the great annoyance and interruption of certain of her majesty's liege subjects, to wit, the porters engaged.

There was much seeming confusion and loud talking; while the faces and manner of the crowd of creditors assembled betokened much excitement and greediness for payment, amounting, in and amongst themselves, to a determination to *be paid.* The auctioneer's men in charge of the furniture had evidently enough to do to preserve order, and prevent the clamorous money-hunters from damaging the same; So highly wroth were these said unpaid tradesmen. And this was the end of the mushroom mansion of the ex-bushranger.

Winterthorne, who had separated from his spouse No. 2, a few weeks previously, had safely and secretly reinvested his ca-

pital, which, as the reader may have anticipated, was still undiminished; for the cash used by him, during his residence in the Square, had been procured by means of bills of acceptance from various Hebrew discounters, who had hitherto considered their Eaton client about as sure a card as they had to deal with in the entire round of their respective connexions. Even now they did anything but despair; for they were, as men of their profession usually are, a little accustomed to witness failure as well as subsequent resuscitation in the same individual; and with the knowledge of his having had money once, they rested comparatively certain that he would enjoy similar possession again, and that they should then "come in for some of it."

Madame Charles Lucien De Burgh Winterthorne was at this time a resident in the house of her father, the persecuted Napo-

leon, in Eastbourne Terrace, with an allowance from her husband of fifteen pounds a month; while Winterthorne himself, in company with his first wife, had actually set out on his continental tour, and was at that moment breakfasting at Boulogne; while his son and heir, whom he had not as yet seen since the meeting in Nottingham jail, was an incipient attorney; and while the offspring of his second marriage was now an Oxford undergraduate, undergoing an eradication of his German principles, and a corresponding initiation into the mysteries of *Alma Mater*.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It was a wet day in Liverpool—dark and dirty were the streets—cold, smoky, and polluted was the atmosphere. It was in the month of August, and the year eighteen hundred and fifty-three. Mile upon mile along the Mersey margin was marked by a forest of spars and naked rigging. Dirty sailors and unfeminine women stood about in various places outside the dock walls. Carts, waggons, and omnibuses rolled by with a discordant clamour, which was only enhanced by the still more dissonant voices

of the people,—men of all nations, morals, and complexions. Droves of emigrants moved about everywhere, and in all directions. Huge sailing bills of ships on the berth met the eye of the passer by. Sharks of men—cadgers—importunately assailed and ran after and sought to entice, and entrap, and otherwise dispose of the uninitiated and outward bound peasantry. Ships were drifting, and ships were being towed out of harbour and into harbour. All Liverpool was toiling and struggling, working the very breath out of the body to gain a mere sustenance, and all this discord was the fruit of civilization, and all the wretchedness gathered in the surrounding streets, all the misery and abjectness of the working population, was its grand accompaniment.

There was then being towed down the river Mersey, through a crowd of swiftly

steaming ferry boats, an Australian clipper, bound for Melbourne; in that ship there stood up, numbered as one of her passengers, George Augustus Trelawney, the son of Scamperwell, the ex-cornet, the adopted, and since ignored, child of the Duchess of Yarborough. He had left his debts behind him, and he was away as a second class passenger, with five pounds in his pocket, and an uncertain future before him.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Twelve months after Mr. Charles Lucien De Burgh Winterthorne had thought fit to absquatulate from the world of London in general, and the house in Eaton Square in particular, and as he sat drinking his coffee at Brussels, he began to experience a hankering after his native country.

"I'll make them an offer of a shilling in the pound," he thought; and strange to say, on that very day he wrote to his solicitor in Duke Street, Piccadilly, instructing him to make the offer named to his creditors

one and all. He also made mention, that if they did not agree to that, they should never receive a farthing.

Three months elapsed before the offer, at first refused, was finally accepted, and then Winterthorne furnished the necessary twentieth part in cash, and obtained in return receipts in full for his entire debts, bill discounters included. After this achievement, he at once returned to England, together with his wife, who had faithfully promised secrecy as to her marriage, in the event of the second wife being suspicious, or desirous of extracting certain knowledge on that point. She was, however, to live with him as his wife, and so long as she kept evidence of her marriage secret there was no danger whatever to be apprehended. Winterthorne had neglected for the past six months to pay the allowance of fifteen pounds a month to his bride of Hambro',

who was still resident at the house of her father in Eastbourne Terrace, and was, together with the De Snags, highly wroth in consequence of her husband's non-fulfilment of his promise and their agreement. However, he was out of the country; she felt that she had no redress.

Winterthorne arrived in London with a very slight diminution in his original capital, beyond the three thousand shillings which he had expended on his creditors; and, locating himself in a different part of London to that which he had previously occupied, *i.e.*, in Hyde Park Square, where he took a furnished mansion for a term of six months, he eagerly interested himself in various speculations and modes of money making. He was, moreover, ambitious for a seat in parliament; and with a view to gaining such object, he entered into negociations for the purchase of a country

seat in the county of Kent, which resulted in his becoming the buyer on the easiest of terms, viz., twenty-five per cent. only of the money down, and payment of the remainder to extend over three years. It was a great bargain in the eyes of everybody concerned, and the furniture having been sold with it, Winterthorne had nothing further to do than to make the best of his way down to it, carpet-bag in hand, and so take possession, and become its lord. It was reported to be a very rotten borough, that of Ragland, in which the mansion—Balderdash Hall—was situated; the man who spent the most money was invariably the successful candidate, so that its new tenant did not despair. *Nil desperandum* had, in fact, been his invariable motto; and as his hopes grew brighter, he felt less in want of its encouragement, and feeling himself, as it were, fanned by fortune's propitious

gale, he revelled in all the ardour of hopeful ambition, and felt himself, on the whole, very lucky indeed; the magical shillings had done away with all fear of writs and bailiffs, and he congratulated himself on being the best manager in the world.

He now thought of importing, as he said, the two lads, his nephews, of Bagdad,—the sole survivors of the memorable affray chronicled in our opening chapter, towards whose subsistence and education he had been contributing since his parting with them in America. Now, however, they could readily dispense with his assistance, and were earning their own means of livelihood, almost within view of the house where, less than four years before, had lain the slain bodies of their parents and their brother. Still, with the view of "giving them a lift," he wrote an in-

vitation for them to come over to Balderdash Hall, which he addressed to the care of Brooks's fellow regulator, who had so kindly possessed him of his brother Simon's letters, and who had taken charge of the boys to some extent since their orphanage, and had one of them in his household and present employ. Winterthorne promised to forward the necessary funds in the event of their resolving to come to England; and having thus done, he felt proud of his own generosity, and awaited a reply with all the calm benignity of an uncle, a philosopher and a philanthropist.

CHAPTER XXV.

Sally Dykes, and her original partner in matrimony, the venerable Lawrence Cumberland, lived on very comfortably together from the time of their settling down in Doughty Street, which indeed the promised allowance of two hundred per annum from Lord Seapark very well enabled them to do. Our hero, as well as Brooks, often called to see them there; but all is not for ever. The hardy form of the long fortune-persecuted Lawrence Cumberland had already braved the brunt of life and the world for a

longer period than that named for the lot and enjoyment of man. Alas! there is no defying death. Certain and irrevocable is man's destiny; all his aspirations, his struggles, and his victories, cannot make him overstep the grave; it is a gulf into which all must fall, "dust unto dust," solemn and silent; and this is the end of man—proud and arrogant man. Is he not a puppet in the hands of fate, and are not all the associations of his career vanities—yea "very vanities"?

Having thus moralised as far as the novelist well can and be popular, we will announce the death of him of whom we have just spoken. He died simply of inanition, and while sipping from a spoon nothing more nor less than some chicken broth. A peaceful end was that of the venerable Cumberland. He was interred at the Kensal Green Cemetery, in the best, but

plainest manner; and his two sons, Lord Seapark and Theophilus Brooks, *alias* William Henry Cumberland, were, together with our hero and the old snuffy-looking man who had been his friend and companion at the shop in Drury Lane, the chief mourners at his funeral. His wife went also, in spite of many dissuasions, and bitter were the tears which she shed over the memory of the departed one.

On the morning following she repaired to the cemetery and the grave. She was alone and trembling. Sleep had not visited her troubled mind on the previous night, and now that he was gone she felt more alone in the world than ever she had done before. Strange it was that such an absorbing feeling should have taken possession of her. The comparatively recent restoration to him, followed by the final separation —the intervening hand of death—all tended

to create a stronger sensation within her than she would have felt had he been the constant partner of her lifetime and her slumbers. Reflection would have dispelled that feeling, but as yet time had not elapsed sufficient for it. She was a brave and venerable woman, and as she stood on the brink of her husband's grave she looked but too near that of her own. She yearned for the repose, the quietude, and the silent sanctity of death and the tomb, and even then she fell prostrate with her face to the sod and expired. Alone, but not unnoticed, Sally Dykes had forsaken the flesh and the world, and lay, an unmoved but unburied corpse, in the vast necropolis of Kensal Green.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Lord Seapark had, twelve months before the period embraced in the last chapter, become a widower; and he, now alone and childless, inhabited, together with his servants, the stately mansion in Grosvenor Square. He was not on terms of intimacy with his future successor and half brother; but no hostility subsisted between them, and he erected no barrier to thwart the regular succession of William Henry Cumberland.

The fact of his having created no succes-

sor to the peerage preyed upon the mind of the present lord exceedingly; mortifying, as it were, his existence, and causing him to look back upon the past as an idle toil. With his own death all that fabric of earthly glory which he had by talent and good fortune built up around him was to pass away. What a gladdening comfort it would have been to him to see in his son an heir to the barony and estates of Seapark. He might then have compared his life and his possessions, his name and his memory, to a railway train, and the first station which it stopped at to his own death and grave; but again resuming its journey, travel through a long line of posterity, only halting at the stations of death, proceeding, under the eye of his child and the child and grandchild of that child, for ages. But now the first station would be the terminus; the peerage would pass into other hands, and a new train

and a new line would take the place of his own. It was a canker in his bosom—the sting which blighted the fruits of his ambition and his toil. And in this frame of mind the first Lord Seapark yielded up the breath of life, at the house before referred to, on the sixteenth day of January, in the year eighteen hundred and fifty-five. The adventurous Arthur Cumberland of yore had run his worldly race—perished.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Of course, as a natural sequence, the heir presumptive, William Henry, entered into possession, and became Lord Seapark immediately on the decease of his half brother, the first lord. The former had, since his return to England, experienced an addition to his family of a son, while the child of America, baptised Maria Theresa, was progressing through infancy in all the beauty of incipient womanhood, even as the bud of a summer rose under the happy influence of balmy skies, sheltered and

protected by the parent branches, and surrounded by, and living in, an atmosphere of fragrance.

And here now stood, as a peer of England, one whose early career had disgraced his name; one whom fortune and necessity had driven before their inhospitable gale to commit acts which had at once aroused the indignation of and rendered him amenable to the law, as well as excited the wrath of men. Here, in the British House of Lords, he took his seat. Baron Seapark—the second lord—had now entered upon his parliamentary career. Was he not a child of experience? Look back upon him in the Australian wilderness.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

It was a fine day in March, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven; the air unusually calm for the month, was nevertheless sufficiently stirred and elastic to make buoyant the hearts of men, while the invigorating rays of the sun lent that species of animation to the view, which more comforteth and cheereth the weary and oppressed, the troubled and the downfallen, than all the pomp of fashion, than all the show of cities, and of civilisation.

There was much uproar in the town and

borough of Ragland, for a member was to be polled for on that day. It was a general election time, and all England and Scotland, together with the kingdom of Ireland, was under the influence of the said electioneering excitement. The candidates for Ragland, which returned one member to represent it in parliament, were Colonel Pontius Moneygrub, and Charles Lucien De Burgh Winterthorne. The election booths fronting the "Red Lion" were surrounded by men, half fevered and half drunk. Now and then a spruce, prim, country gentleman, sedate and dignified, and displaying the whitest of linen, might be seen, but on the whole the people were noisy and uproarious, and there was much shouting and hurrahing at the appearance of each successive vehicle, as it drove up with its voters, and discharged them in front of the polling places.

The Red Lion contained the committee rooms of Mr. Winterthorne, whereas the "Blue Boar," further on, had the honour of the Colonel's patronage. The former, however, was by far the favourite; and, judging by the amount and extent of inebriation amongst the people, congregated in and about the Red Lion, there was no lack of "liquor" within its somewhat ancient looking but hospitable walls. It was now one o'clock, and the state of the poll augured well for Winterthorne's opponent. But the former was, as the saying goes, "biding his time"; he had his reserve force ready, and it was perhaps better to hold that back till the last half hour of the polling. When that time came, the numbers were in favour of Winterthorne, and it was subsequently declared aloud at the Town Hall, that Charles Lucien De Burgh Winterthorne, Esq., had

been elected to represent Ragland in parliament, by a majority of three voters over Colonel Moneygrub. Cheers followed this announcement, and our friend felt proud and happy, and made a speech of thanks and policy, which elicited even more cheers than he had met with on the hustings. The bride of Nottingham was present, with her son by her side, and it made her heart glad to witness her husband's prosperity and eminence.

All this time the daughter of De Snag had been unaware of the presence of Winterthorne in England; but on the morning following, on perusing the newspaper of the day, she accidentally read the intelligence of the election referred to, and involuntarily gave utterance to an exclamation of surprise, at the same time pointing the article out to Madame De Snag, who sat by, and spontaneously ejaculated,

"Bless me, it's him."

"Must be:" said the younger one; and just as they were talking, the old man, her father, waddled into the room, gasping as usual.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It was a mournful day at Ribblesdale, the Seapark seat in Dorsetshire, when, on the ninth of January, eighteen hundred and fifty-eight, the half-mangled body of its lord was conveyed home, gore stained and insensible, clad in the scarlet coat, the leather breeches and boots of the hunter; his garb but mocked his condition, and Lord Seapark, with a fractured skull, a dislocated hip-joint, and a bruised countenance, was divested of his gay attire and placed in bed.

His horse had made a false leap, and this was the result. But it was not for the peer to again keep up with and follow the hounds; for at half-past four on the following morning his breathless body lay in the placid embrace of death, and the man of many experiences had departed. His wife and his children stood by and bitterly mourned his dissolution; and so perished the Turpin of old.

Our hero was a peer.

CHAPTER XXX.

It is Friday, the twenty-fifth day of February, the year is eighteen hundred and fifty-eight. The scene is the British House of Commons—that palace that overlooks the turbid waters of the rolling Thames, and which, standing face to face with the venerable pile called Westminster Abbey, is at once the pride of London and the boast of its people.

There is a division to come off to-night; all is eagerness and activity amongst the members, and the stranger's gallery is well filled.

Mr. Flip Flop is speaking now. Look at him! he harangues the honourable members something after the manner in which the Lancashire ranters, standing up on a pair of bricks, surrounded by a limited swamp, do their audiences. A very important man is Mr. Flip Flop; he means to do something. Hark! every word he utters carries danger with it; for the honourable member on his legs is opposed to the standing government. See, he is earnestly listened to; his east-country manner, although undemonstrative, is energetic, and his utterances carry power with them. He sits down, and there is much cheering.

There is a hush, the honourable member at his left, Mr. Manchester Peace, rises to second the motion,—a motion destined to protect the honour of England, and prevent her ministers, however good their intentions, from pandering to the will of a tyrant,—a

tyrant, perhaps, by necessity. A successful adventurer, and an Emperor, who has well earned by his tact the position he holds on the throne of France; but let him take care, an ascent is sometimes followed by a downfall, though fate forbid it to him.

The motion seconded—the next speaker is from the ministerial side. He says very little and then sits down, without, to all appearances, having done anything.

Another from the same bench succeeds; and then up jumps the Home Secretary, with a start—nightmare fashion. Away he rattles, peg-leg and energetic. He tells the house that neither has the liberty of the subject been attacked, nor is the honour of the country proposed to be sacrificed. His defence of the Bill is very good of its kind, and for the ministerialists; but it commands little or no attention; ministers are too much occupied in calculating how the ensuing

division will go. The speech is over and honourable members hurry off to dinner.

There is now much competition for the speaker's eye. Mac somebody, an Irishman, is the fortunate one. He makes a clever speech, and then sits down with a flop.

Another speaker, and then the raspy voice of disagreeable old Lombard Street is heard.

Lord Harry Weathercock follows, and struggles through something very lardy. Several members pop up, *à la* Jack in the box, when he drops; but there is some laughter and disappointment when it is found that the Speaker has disappeared. High time for him, too; it is nine o'clock and he has gone to dinner. He is soon back.

Mr. Steeplechase takes his eye first, and succeeds in making an A double S of himself.

Then there is another general rising, in

the midst of which no other than Charles Lucien De Burgh Winterthorne is to be found. He is anxious to speak, although he is not quite sure that he has anything to say.

Sir Robert Hudibras, however, takes precedence, and the others sit down again. He excites no little laughter, and after much floundering and amusing illustration, sits down; but, like a wild horse, ready to spring up at any moment again.

Gladrock succeeds the baronet. He is a thin, pale, and somewhat withered man; but an orator. His upstanding presence is the signal for the telegraphic wires to be put in motion to inform the clubs. The doorway and galleries are soon thronged; tail coats and opera hats abound.

The attorney-general follows; but the house grows restless under him, and he sits down, discomfited.

Dizzy, the brave, now stands up, and collects the scattered senses of the house.

He is animated, and, although not as brilliant as usual, commands a profound attention, and does good service for the amendment.

It is now half an hour past midnight, and Lord Stutterchops, who has occupied his seat since four, is on his legs. He looks hot and angry, and seems to foretell his danger. He is the premier of a fated ministry. The political and long honoured veteran is on the brink of a downfall. It is now past one, and the members divide. Great is the suspense and excitement incidental to the right and to the left lobby. The ministerial tellers return alone, and the opposition come not; ominously conclusive.

Mr. Flip Flop and Mr. Manchester Peace now reenter the house; there is an outburst of feeling—a cheer that, to adopt popular

phraseology, speaks volumes. There is another and renewed cheer when the clerk hands the division paper to the victorious Flip Flop, who advances on the right of the four tellers and reads out, in the midst of an almost solemn hush, the fatal numbers. His voice is a little shaky and his manner nervous as he proclaims to the House that the majority is for the amendment. Then arises a shout from the opposition benches which is echoed by others along the lobbies and into Westminster Hall. A shout such as has never been heard since the old corn law time.

The defeated Lord Stutterchops bites his lip, and crushing the division paper, which has been handed to him by Jonas Flunkey, the ministerial whipper-in, flings it to the ground with a stamp of the foot and a look of rage and disappointment, too manifest to be mistaken.

At half-past six o'clock—it being now Saturday morning—the House of Commons dispatch box was opened by Her Majesty at Buckingham Palace, and from it she took a slip of paper, on which was written a return of the division, sent by Lord Stutterchops. A little past noon on the same day a cabinet council was held, when it was resolved that the only course left for Her Majesty's Ministers to pursue, was to tender their resignations. After Divine Service on the day following, Her Majesty having accepted the ministerial resignation, sent for an old leader, the Earl of Huntingfield, and commissioned that worthy peer to form a new administration.

Now was the time for active service. The leader of the late successful opposition commenced picking out and naming his men for the new cabinet, and soon produced a list of future ministers, which appeared in

all the palpability of newspaper type on the ensuing morning, Monday.

Cabs and the Carlton were in high vogue and requisition during that and the few following days; and Lord Huntingfield, having previously asked the House for time, had succeeded in filling his list by the following Friday, on which day the new Government was completely formed, and the place-hunting had subsided: members on the ministerial side alone being bored by a host of applications from as many hungry aspirants for subordinate appointments, commencing at the orthodox eighty pounds per annum. Our friend, the member for Ragland, who, having voted in favour of the amendment, was now on the ministerial benches, had, nevertheless, escaped being thrust into office, or yet even making a speech. To use his own words, he now felt ripe for action, but re-

ceiving no particular provocation, he had not as yet brought his parliamentary weapons into requisition. And here stood Charles Lucien De Burgh Winterthorne.

"Ha! ha! ha! He! he! he!" cries the laughing jackass in Australian forests. Let us laugh likewise. Life is a strange labyrinth, and the paths of society are very devious.

CHAPTER XXXI.

It is the month of May. London is in its full tide of fashion. The band in Kensington Gardens plays within hearing of the most beautiful and wealthy daughters of England, and Rotten Row is crowded daily by a throng of fair equestrians. All nature looks riant and rosy; every living thing disports in the gladness of its existence. Match-making is progressing briskly. Many mothers are anxious, and daughters vie with each other in fascination. The *belle* of her first season has lost a little of

her timidity; and those who were *belles* years ago are flirting more desperately than ever. All the pomp of fashion and of civilization is represented in the one metropolis; and luxury and ease combine to enhance the voluptuous indolence of *le beau monde*—of the magnates of our land.

Madam Charles Lucien De Burgh Winterthorne is still a resident in the house of her father, in Eastbourne Terrace, and in full enjoyment of an allowance of twelve pounds a month—the result of a furious charge and attack on the body and household of her unfaithful spouse. She is to be met with every day on the banks of the Serpentine, in company with her revered father, who is still gasping. Madame De Snag is frequently to be found with them. She may be known by the paucity of her skirt, which, lacking length and crinoline, gives her an attenuated quaintness of aspect,

which will be found to contrast remarkably with the other specimens of her gender congregated in the same gardens. Her language with respect to Winterthorne—her stepdaughter's "wretch of a husband," as she terms him, is at once deprecatory and minacious, and while " such an M.P." is her phylacteric apothegm.

The family look upon the representative of Ragland as a very immoral man indeed, and upon the bride of Nottingham as nothing more nor less than his *fille de joie.* " The Minx" is a favourite and aphoristic ejaculation of the old lady's. Winterthorne is revelling away in the full tide of fashion and affluence at the mansion in Hyde Park Square, as well as in Wormwood Street, City, where he is manager of the Oriental Bank of Swindledum, of which our sequel will tell, while his two sons are at the respective Universities of

Oxford and Cambridge, and while the two nephews of America are ravaging the country about Ragland in general, and Balderdash Hall in particular, to their heart's desire, and, it is presumed, entire satisfaction.

The widow and two young children of the late Lord Seapark are domiciled in the old town mansion in Grosvenor Square. The present lord, however, does not now tenant it. Five weeks ago he led to the altar Margaret Amelia, the second daughter of Augustus Maule, Duke of Devon, and they have just returned, after a felicitous honeymoon, to their new abode in Portman Square. Sir Wyndham Berkeley and the Duchess of Yarborough are still living, and are firm and friendly allies of the young couple.

Nothing is known or thought about Scamperwell or the *soi disant* Mrs. Brooks.

The ex-cornet in Australia is unaware of his father's locale or position, and cares but little about him. The father is alike estranged from and weetless of the son; and so Scamperwell and his only surviving offspring people the two hemispheres; for it is not likely that the former is out of Europe, nor yet of London. He no doubt loves, as cockneys usually do, his city too well to forsake it. Londoners cling to their bricks.

Dr. MacSlab, on the contrary, with all the roving instinct of his country, has crossed the "waste of waters," and now practises the "healing art" in the city of Hobarton, in the far off land of Tasmania.

As "ship's surgeon," he procured a free passage out, and, moreover, something beside, as might be expected from so shrewd a bargainer and Scot. Thus, with the undisbursed booty derived from the

Radley—Nottingham—estate, he was well enabled, on his arrival in that country of "chain gangs" and verdure to enter into and invest in some very lucrative speculations indeed, apart from the consulting room; and so MacSlab, like many others of his race and creed, is on the high road to, if not in full possession of, that magic yet contemptible talisman—wealth. Still, also like many others, it is doubtful whether his thrifty—or more correctly speaking, sordid—nature, will ever permit him its enjoyment.

So much for MacSlab, the doctor, and the MacSlabs generally. Of the rest, reader, summon thy recollection.

FASHIONS AND BUBBLES.

A Sequel.

FASHIONS AND BUBBLES.

CHAPTER I.

Far as the eye could scan reposed the varied hues of sunset. Red and purple tints glowed fiery-like on the western horizon, and were reflected in shadowy, half-spectral radiance upon earth, lighting up the landscape with a passing grandeur.

It was in England, and the month of July—the year, eighteen hundred and fifty-seven.

Over the forest and over the grass land nature's lavish hand decked out the prospect; clothing the hills with flowery verdure

and the orchards in a festive array—making heavy the branches with clustering fruits—gladdening solitude with the music of feathered throngs—casting summer with her rosy smile to shed beauty over all things — enriching even profusion, and adding life to life.

Richmond Hall, the stately mansion of the Walpoles, stood up in its own ample domain, a well wooded park, that stretched, undulating and picturesque, down to the outspread waters of the rippling sea, which reposed like a golden shadow far in the distance.

Up the broad avenue to the door of this country mansion there drove at the time mentioned a carriage, in which were seated two young ladies of prepossessing appearance ;

"Two buds of promise lovely to behold."

These were the orphan nieces of Augustus

Walpole, the lord of the manor, who was a widower, childless, and critically dyspeptic.

The old widower received the virgin children of his recently dead brother, whom ruin had impelled to self-destruction, with an almost fatherly affection. They were now the objects of his adoption, and he looked forward to much happiness in their companionship and sympathy. Moreover, they filled up a void that had been caused by the rebellious conduct of a once cherished nephew, whom he had banished from his presence, and resolved to disinherit as an ungrateful scamp, whose disobedience was deserving of wrath and punishment.

There was much gossip among the dwellers in the adjacent village of Crumblemud, in consequence of this arrival. There was one Montagu Phipps, an ex-army surgeon in the East India Company's Service, who inhabited Rosemary House,

and was a friend of old Walpole, who furnished much material for talk, by the description he gave of the girls. He admired the delicate and interesting appearance of Jane—the younger one; he uttered praises as to the beauty of Madeline, and made all the young ladies of Crumblemud jealous of their arrival among them.

There, too, was one Gulliver (Herbert by baptism), who had met the sisters during the previous season in London, and who was passionate in his admiration of Madeline, and who expressed it, and so gave rise to the report that he would soon be married to her. Upon this, people passed their opinions, as to the state of his finances, the value of Timberdale, his estate, the mortgages that were against it, the amount of fortune he was likely to receive with the hand of Miss Walpole, and much beside.

Several of the mothers of the Hampshire village—such was the county—agreed among themselves to drive to the Hall on the morning following the arrival, to look at, and offer their congratulations to the young ladies, and then to come home, and criticise, and talk scandal about them.

CHAPTER II.

Mr. Montagu Phipps, as we have said, enjoyed the honour of having served the East India Company in the capacity of surgeon, attached to the Presidency of Bombay, for which service he was in receipt of a certain classified pension. Not contented with this, however, Mr. Phipps indulged in building for himself visionary wealth, and in conjuring up various speculations whereby he might rise to that level of worldly affluence, and consequent power, such as he saw in the person of his friend

and patron, Mr. Augustus Walpole, and many besides him. "We all want capital for these things," soliloquised he ruminatingly, "but credit's as good as money any day." Still, how Mr. Phipps, the ex-Army-Surgeon, with only a few pounds balance at his Agents', could expect to cultivate anything like the credit necessary for carrying out his gigantic system of speculation, was quite unknown to anybody but himself. To make known more tangibly to the world what particular line of commerce, or whatever it might be else, which this ambitious discontented ex-Army-Surgeon intended to embark in and experimentalise upon, we have merely to say—a Bank. So to organise a bank, all the ingenuity and rascality of this said piety professing bone-sawyer was forthwith concentrated and employed.

"It must be with the Orientals," he again

soliloquised. "Just so! I shall get all these half-pay fellows."

So to incorporate an Indian bank in London was the first and the grand move of this the most dexterous of psalm singers.

"I can't work alone—I must get some member to back me;" was about his next soliloquy.

Of course, this was by no means a difficult thing to do. He had the pick of half a dozen hungry borough representatives, who, subsisting upon their friends and their memberships, without a shilling of their own, were nevertheless ostensibly supposed to be worth £300 per annum. Yes; a lent title deed, and three hundred pounds paid to Mr. ——, M.P., to be afterwards quietly handed over to his cousin, or whoever the obliging friend might be. However, the *property qualification* has since been very properly abolished.

Now, of all the representatives eager to become new company men, and for the consequent fees, the consummate Anglo-Indian saw none better than the member for Ragland, Mr. Charles Lucien De Burgh Winterthorne—he was just the man for him—showy, with a country seat, and a mansion in Hyde Park Square; his name, with the all important, all but magical M.P. after it, would do wonders; oracle after oracle could be worked on the mere strength of so imposing a name; for Winterthorne was known in the *city*, and all that Winterthorne was ignorant of, Phipps was well acquainted with.

Those half-pay men he was personally unfamiliar with he could easily introduce himself to; and such were the attractions which he proposed to hold out, that no doubt could remain as to the promptitude and number of investments. The country

had no such establishment which consulted the necessities and welfare of British residents in India, and Indian residents in England. There could be no doubt whatever as to the success of the undertaking—"none whatever," were his favourite words of assurance. So armed with sin and impudence, Montagu Phipps drew up a faultless prospectus, with his own name and that of Winterthorne as directors at its head, and sailing on the full tide of duplicity, the hitherto obscure bleeder bid fair to bleed the pockets of humanity at large, especially those connected with the Indian interests, and become what is commonly called a man of substance, as well as a luminary in the great banking world.

CHAPTER III.

In the early part of the nineteenth century, the estate of Timberdale and the Gulliver family extended nearly to the boundary of the Richmond Hall domain, a mere slip of waste land stretching between the two as far down as the sea shore. The late owner, Edward Gulliver, had, however, like many others, been profligate in his dispensations, and that combining with sundry family misfortunes, had caused the alienation of a considerable portion of his territorial wealth, and the remainder to descend to his son so

heavily encumbered, that notwithstanding a long minority, and the careful administration of his mother, Lady Edward Gulliver, the estate was still involved; and although one of the largest properties in the county, it hardly enabled its owner to keep up an appearance fitting his station. Moreover the latter was of a nature sensitive to the slightest inferiority in the eyes of others; and so, although unseen, the canker of mingled pride and poverty gnawed within him; for he knew what the world thought, and it was in caring for what the world thought, that he felt and endured his self-created pangs. Weak and foolish man! the world is made up of fools; he should have fooled with them. All is vanity; man is but a worm, and is that worm to be feared? No. Earth is wide, and it is easy to spurn those we like not.

To his tenants, Gulliver was liberal,

and to his servants not unkind. Yet there was no enthusiasm of warmth in the praise they could scarcely withhold, owing perhaps to the reserve and coldness of manner which characterised his intercourse with them. He had but few friends of his own grade in life, but these few were sincerely attached to him, and chief amongst them stood Mr. Walpole. The latter had proved himself of great assistance to Lady Edward during the time of her son's guardianship, and the present improving state of the Timberdale property was a source of most pleasing satisfaction to him. Long standing annuities and leases were dropping in, and accidental circumstances had given a value to lands quite unexpected, and which promised at no remote date to augment his annual revenues by several thousand pounds.

Herbert Gulliver rode home, after a visit

to the Hall, on the morning following the arrival of the Misses Walpole, with a buoyancy of hope, and an elation of of spirits quite unusual, and anything but in accordance with his own vaunted indifference to either fortune. He slackened his pace, however, and his eye became less restless, as emerging from the Richmond woods, he entered upon a wide waste of country, which once belonging to his patrimonial estate, but now divided and parcelled out to a multiplicity of speculators, bore the unpicturesque traces of modern improvements. Soon these to him melancholy objects and reflections were left behind, and spurring his horse into a gallop, he went careering over the dry hard road, with his hopes as bright within him as the beaming radiance of the midday sun, which shed around, over hill and dale, its glowing light and evanescent warmth; and while

the thought that all those acres, which he so lengthily surveyed were his own (never mind the encumbrances), filled him with a passing joy, which subsided into a pleasant anticipation of future happiness and increased prosperity.

Timberdale House, the family abiding place of the Gullivers, was situated upon a rising ground, forming the centre of a chain of downs, that extended on either side down to the sea, and enclosing a semicircular fall of ground, where, screened from the north and east, rich lawns of verdure, thickly interspersed with magnificent clumps of oak and sycamore, shelved down towards the cliff-bound coast, which, lowest immediately in front of the mansion, allowed the prospect thence, at low water, to include the waves breaking on the beach. Advancing from another point, however, the aspect of the house was bleak and dreary,

owing to the scarcity of trees and the want of various adjuncts usual about so noble a residence.

Of spacious dimensions, and heavy architecture, the building itself was of a kind to be outwardly improved by the accompaniments referred to, its bare and massive appearance requiring that alleviation.

Around the edifice a limited space was fenced off from the incursions of the cattle grazed in the park.

Leaving his horse with a groom, and avoiding the principal entrance, Herbert Gulliver proceeded to where a less stately portal gave ingress from the garden to his mother's apartments. There everything wore a cheerfulness of aspect: in the distance washed the sea, half hidden by intervening and sloping woodlands; while the windows, opening upon well arranged and carefully tended beds, where bloomed

fragrant shrubs, betokened a pleasing care for the comforts of his mother, which could not be other than creditable. All within the room he entered, and wherein sat lady Edward, was elegantly, not to say luxuriously, fitted up, and in a manner as tasteful and refined as those of its occupant.

Scarcely past the prime of life, and still beautiful, the mother bore a striking resemblance to her son, with the exception that the lineaments of her countenance were soft, whereas those of the other wore strong marks of decision and firmness.

"You're back earlier than I had anticipated;" spoke her ladyship, with a smile. "I'm glad, however, as there are letters for you."

Having perused the letters, he handed them to his mother: they related, as she had supposed, to the improvements on his estate; one being from his maternal uncle, the Earl of Waterwild.

"Your uncle's sentiments quite agree with Mr. Walpole's," said she; "he wishes to see you enter upon the arena of public life, for which your talents so well fit you, my dear."

"My uncle is exceedingly kind," was the reply; "if matters progress here, I shall have enough to do, without losing myself in the perplexities of political life, for which I'm by no means ambitious."

Her ladyship expressed surprise; but Herbert went on with the conversation, which resulted in his expressing some contempt for the wishes of the Earl, and a preference for a country life.

"My brother's expressions clearly indicate to me his wishes. Either of his daughters he would no doubt gladly ally with the heir of the Gullivers. They will have portions of thirty-five thousand pounds each, and both Maud and Henrietta are sweet and accomplished."

Herbert turned away with vexatious amusement. His mother eyed him with maternal anxiousness,

"There is some new influence at work," she continued; "I have not forgotten the impression you appeared to receive upon the occasion of your first meeting with Miss Walpole. Should the old man's resentment last, or, as is probable, the nephew never return to England, she will be heiress to undoubted wealth."

The son again turned away, half angrily, and after a little while took his way back to Richmond Hall, where he was engaged to dine.

"His affections are in danger there," thought the mother, and she cast an anxious look after him as he left the house.

CHAPTER IV.

At the distance of about two miles from Richmond Hall, and in an opposite direction to Timberdale, along the sea coast, lies the village of Crumblemud, before mentioned, itself situated at the head of a picturesque estuary, into which an upland river rolls its tributary floods. It was ten days after the arrival of Madeline and Jane Walpole at the abode of their uncle. It was exactly noon, as emerging from the Richmond woods, they arrived in front of the house of one parson Dawson. Entering

through a gate, the old red habitation, overhung as it was by venerable elms, and crawled over by luxuriant vine, had a homely, comfortable, pleasing appearance, and the parson's wife was quite in keeping with it, and very hospitable. A fresh breeze was just then blowing, fishing boats were darting across the bay, while others were moored in front of their owners' huts along the shore. A yacht now sailed in and furled sails, and one of her boats was towed ashore, from which two alighted. They were in yachting costume, and wore an air of evident gentility.

Mrs. Dawson and her guests were preparing for luncheon, and the worthy parson was just quitting his library, when these said two yachters met the eye of the former, in the act of opening the garden gate.

"Bless me! here's Lord Spankerville,"

she ejaculated; and almost at the same moment the visitors were ushered into the room where sat the ladies. The individual just named was a tall, well proportioned, and rather prepossessingly-featured young man, of about three-and-twenty years. His friend he introduced as his brother-in-law, Mr. Shackletrap, whose guest he had been for the previous week at Rockbay, where his yacht had been lying in winter quarters. He was now on a cruise for the benefit of his sister's health, and could not resist making this point of seeing his old tutor—Dawson. The latter, who had entered the room, now called eulogistic attention to the young ladies, who we may remark were already much taken in his favour, for his manner was kind, gentle, affable and free, which in the eyes of the other sex is always winning. He professed himself much indebted for former kindnesses to

Mr. Walpole, their uncle, and at the suggestion of the worthy parson, promised to accompany them back to the Hall. Mr. Hungerford Shackletrap, though possessing a manner more *dégagé*, and an air more distinguished than his companion, yet failed in securing equally the admiration of the sisters, and a reciprocity of that esteem which he himself felt,—but what matter? Shackletrap was married.

After luncheon, the party proceeded to the Hall, where Gulliver, who had now become a daily visitor, was in waiting, together with his friend and host.

A water party was arranged for the next day. Gulliver became jealous of the attentions of the dashing Spankerville and the roué-like Shackletrap, who was stigmatised by Jane as "odious."

"No wonder his wife's ill," said she.

Shackletrap had married for money, and

his base and sordid nature now manifested nothing but a contemptible indifference towards her, whom he had sworn to cherish. How much happier is the lot of the labourer! Truly a crust with contentment is better than contentious riches. Gulliver however was but little better as regards lucre; and he did not shrink from avowing it, even to the orphans at the Hall. "Let neither renounce anything for matrimony," would have been his sentiment. For himself he was determined to gain by the ceremony.

Morning broke bright and rosy, and the swift compelling breeze wafted away from the shores of Crumblemud the gay laden yacht before mentioned. The bright foaming waves broke sprayfully against the bold rocks and headlands of the coast, as the vessel clove her watery way; while at intervals, along the narrow creeks and

inlets, or where a river entered the sea, glimpses were obtained of green valleys and recesses, wherein seemed to lurk a thousand varied beauties.

At length the speeding craft rounded the last headland, and the picturesque bay of Spraylake, its shore crowned by the wooded cliffs of Penkmoss, burst upon the admiring view. Here the party were boated ashore, and having given orders for refreshment, at a primitive looking inn, garlanded with honeysuckles, they took their way on foot through the woodlands, with the two exceptions of Mrs. Dawson and Mrs. Shackletrap, to whom the sight of the spot, in a parlour, was more refreshing than the scenery beyond. Mrs. Mullins, a lady with two unmarried daughters, felt mortified at the overtures of Lord Spankerville towards Jane Walpole; but we shall not give the gossip of the women.

The demeanour of Gulliver towards Madeline, as also his conversation, denoted more strikingly than it had hitherto done the cause of his frequent visits of late to the Hall. The result was an exhibition of reserve and coldness on the part of Madeline, and the abrupt and almost unnoticed withdrawal of Gulliver from the party, as they pursued their walk over some of the most inviting and crag-like country in England.

In the course of their ramble, it transpired to Jane that Lord Spankerville had been a boy friend of her cousin's. Neither of the girls had ever seen him, and they were ignorant of the cause of his uncle's animosity, and of Osmond's banishment. Curiosity was rife within them, but they dared not to speak, at least to the venerable head of the house of Walpole.

After a hurried repast at the inn, sails

were spread, and with a well peopled deck, the vessel smoothly glided on her homeward way. Lassitude prevailed amongst the ladies, and consequently comparative silence.

Gulliver, who had waited the return of the party at the inn, occupied a seat next to that of Madeline. The breeze had sickened almost into calm, and the slow motion of the craft seemed to have the effect of making all else slow. The waste of waters looked dark and sluggish, and the horizon grew blacker as they proceeded. One or two of the party lay about in disorder, and the rest stared bat-like and pensive through the sombre shadows of approaching night. Suddenly the two Misses Mullins broke into song, and to the accompaniment of a guitar. So far good.

The tide was mid ebb, and the slight wind that prevailed was directly ahead.

Everyone despaired of reaching Crumblemud before the night had far advanced, in fact, not till the next tide had set in, or a breeze sprung up. Much anxious consultation took place on the part of the ladies; but at length, at the suggestion of Gulliver, the long oars of the yacht were put in requisition; an intervening headland was rounded, and the vessel hove to opposite the cove of Timberdale. Here a boat was lowered, and a small party, including the Misses Walpole and parson Dawson, under the guidance of Gulliver, proceeded ashore; and soon afterwards, treading a shingly and rocky beach, overhung by beetling cliffs, the adventurers took their way towards Timberdale House. Spankerville and Shackletrap had followed, and pioneered the ladies through the defiles, and up the dangerous ascent; after which, they retraced their steps, half

headlong down the cliff, and amid the big pattering of new rain, regained their craft. Shackletrap, to the great annoyance of Gulliver, had selected Madeline as his charge, and in fact run away with her as far up as the summit, where they arrived some minutes before the rest of the party.

Therefore it was that as soon as the yachters had bade their adieux, and before recommencing their journey alone, Gulliver half reproached Madeline for her partiality in taking the arm of Shackletrap.

"I had thought," said he, "that as a compensation for the loss of your company this morning, you would have accepted me as your guide in danger. Such being, as you may have supposed, my object in joining your party."

In return for this, Madeline assumed a cold and indifferent manner and reply.

She was a little displeased at the reproachful tone of his conversation, and sought to check it. Soon after this, feigning difficulty in following the path, she accepted the arm of the parson, and Gulliver led them on for the rest of the way in nearly unbroken silence.

The party slept at Timberdale House that night, while the rain descended noisily upon the surrounding shrubbery, and flash after flash of lightning played upon its window panes.

In the meantime a breeze had sprung up, and the yacht was fast making her way with the rest of the party to the haven of Crumblemud.

CHAPTER V.

The dawn of the morrow was fair and exhilarating—the sun shone—the blue waves sparkled—the birds sang gaily, and the rain drops hung diamond-like from many branches. The interior of the Timberdale mansion, notwithstanding, wore its usual gloom. Breakfast over, the Misses Walpole took carriage for the hall. Gulliver remained at home and looked unhappy.

"Fool that I was to think of her!" he ejaculated within himself. "However, it's all over. I thank Shackletrap for having

shown me what she is. Let me look elsewhere;" and so ruminated Herbert Gulliver, after exchanging a cold adieu with Madeline Walpole on the morning after the cruise.

"Lord Spankerville," spoke Jane to her uncle, as they sat together that night at the hall, "I discovered to have been an old friend of Mr. Osmond's."

The old man, with sudden uneasiness, shot forth a glance of mingled pain and anger.

"You hurt me, Jane," he ejaculated, after a short pause; "but never mind, I may as well tell you;" and so saying, he proceeded, half falteringly, with the complaint against Osmond. The lad had been profligate and abandoned; he had been sent to one of the foreign universities, and returned home nothing better than a rebellious German Bürschen, and with a supreme contempt for everything English

in general, and his uncle's politics in particular. But his fatal error had been that of falling in love with the daughter of a tenant farmer. The uncle's dignity was upset by this piece of plebeianism, and to thwart the nephew lover he ordered him once more abroad. He subsequently received a letter, upbraiding and insolent; from that moment Osmond Walpole was declared banished, and he was still unforgiven.

Three weeks after the day embraced in our first chapter, there was a public ball given at Crumblemud, and all the fashion of the neighbourhood presented itself. When the Walpole party entered the room, all eyes were bent on the beautiful sisters. Gulliver, as the oldest friend present, solicited the hand of Jane for the first dance; while so gently did she yield it, that it flattered as well as soothed his

pride, and after the sister's indifference awakened within him a feeling of admiration before unexperienced.

Spankerville and Shackletrap, who had just arrived after a cruise, were present, together with a certain Major MacDuff, fresh from India, and a half-brother of Mrs. Shackletrap, who was very love-inviting, both as regarded looks and fortune. As usual, Shackletrap monopolised Madeline from the beginning; and although he tried to suppress the feeling, Gulliver was still jealous of her ill-bestowed attentions. Vanity, vanity, how much happier are the aborigines!

CHAPTER VI.

A SOLITARY equestrian might have been seen on the morning following this assembly, moving slowly across the landscape near Crumblemud The road he pursued lay for some miles through rock hewn lanes, deep, narrow, and dark, terminating in a wide tract of forest land, where tangled thickets of larch and underwood, alternated with patches of barren moor, with surface rendered slippery of passage, by the frequent morasses occasioned by the springs of water oozing up through the

turf. The only signs of human habitation that met the eye of the horseman were afforded after gaining the highest spot on a wild and bleak common, across which the wind was now sweeping furiously, driving along with it dark masses of cloud, which gave to the scene an aspect at once wintry and inhospitable. A number of low hovels, with mud walls, and furze covered roofs, scarcely discernible from the open plateau, were scattered around a dark pool, sunk deep beneath high banks, and overhung by a few old and scathed looking alders.

As the horseman, who was no other than the Major MacDuff of the previous evening's ball, advanced, he saw collected immediately in their front a crowd of uncouth looking men, mixed up promiscuously with a herd of women and children, whose soiled and ragged habilaments but too vividly bespoke

their wretchedness; for on nearer examination their withered and forlorn looks but sustained the impression at first formed of them.

In the centre of this group, attended by a groom, MacDuff beheld a lady on horseback, who, strange to say, accosted him, and with a slight but not ungraceful confusion of manner. It was the Miss Madeline, whom he had met on the previous night. The gratitude which he saw evinced towards her by the fraternity of smugglers around—for they were no other—together with her own ingenuousness of address, awakened a new interest in the mind of the Major; his voice became unconsciously softer, and his eye betrayed the admiration newly kindled within him, as they rode on together. MacDuff, who was an Irishman, dwelt eloquently on the scenery of his native country, and half transported, at

least in feeling, his fair companion to the caves and lakes of Erin—to—

> "The beauties of that verdant isle,
> Where sunny women loving smile."

"Yes, indeed," said Madeline, after a brisk conversation; "even our short acquaintance has taught me that the Major MacDuff of the ball room, and Major MacDuff talking of Killarney on a barren moor, are two persons very different indeed."

MacDuff smiled, for very similar were his own thoughts with regard to herself. In fact, however, the change lay not in herself, but in his perception of her character; and it was the frailty of his nature that caused the graces, which had almost umbraged him when exhibited in a ball room, in the frank guilelessness of her heart, to assume quite another aspect when exerted for him alone, without others near to share or to admire.

"You, Miss Walpole, are the only person

I have lately met with," replied the Major, after some stammering, "who can sympathise in that pride and affection with which I ever hold dear my native—(bogs, thought MacDuff, but that would not do)—country."

They parted with newly developed feelings, which a casual observer would not have suspected in either of them.

Madeline repeated their conversation to Mrs. Shackletrap, who was then staying on a visit at the Rectory.

The latter manifested great interest in the recital of the brother's eloquence. "Oh! you would love him," said she, "if you saw him at Ballymore. How well you would suit each other!"

Spankerville and Shackletrap were again away, cruising.

Two days after this, Mrs. Shackletrap was staying as a visitor, during her husband's absence, at Richmond Hall. A

certain Madras merchant, one Ganges Shrimper, the possessor of a cadaverous countenance, together with multifarious chains and gems, sufficient, in the estimation of Miss Madeline, to make anyone comfortable for life, was there also. He was in treaty for the purchase of an estate, situate at a few miles distance from Crumblemud; and, in the meantime, on the look-out for a wife. In this latter endeavour, the host of Richmond had promised his friendly aid.

In the cool of the evening, Mr. Walpole, feeling unusually animated, suggested a walk through the grounds down to the sea shore. The path selected led, at the distance of about half a mile from the house, into a narrow bridle road, descending upon the rough shingly beach. The party had just quitted the shade of the plantations and entered upon the stony, though gradual declivity, when a man's head was suddenly

raised above a stone wall, not far from the road side. It was evident this sprite did not wish to elude their observation; but such was the alarm of the ladies on seeing him, that they fled, in precipitate consternation, several yards backward.

"Oh! he's one of the coast-guard," exclaimed one of the gentlemen, who advanced towards and entered into conversation with him.

The rest of the party walked on to the beach, and stood admiring the tints of the glowing sunset, reflected upon the waters as restlessly they broke, surging gently, in muffled chorus, at the beholders' feet. The individual who had been in converse with the head now rejoined them. There was evidently "something in the wind;" for Mr. Smasher, who took an interest in the extermination of smugglers, wished to remain behind longer than he deemed it

agreeable for the ladies. The evening was growing late, so a nearer, but more steep and intricate, path was selected, by which to return; Mr. Smasher promising to follow them as soon as he had heard the head out.

On their arrival at the destined gate, however, it was found to be locked: the fencing was unclimbable, so there was nothing for it but for one of the gentlemen to make the best of his way to the house, and return with the key, as Mr. Walpole's infirmities rendered his return by the beach impossible; and being apprehensive of Jane's taking cold, the latter desired her to accompany Gulliver on the mission, he being the most willing and capable volunteer of the party for such an undertaking.

CHAPTER VII.

Twilight, with its lingering gloom, was fast deepening around—making misty the trunks of mammoth trees—lending its half shadowy likeness to every thing. Dreamily buzzed the insects—dreamily muttered the many tongued trees—wooing all nature to slumber—ushering in the night. Gulliver and Jane were retracing their steps toward the shore. Although their gait was rapid, and as a consequence unfavourable to sentiment, Gulliver was not insensible to the charm of guarding one so lovely along the dreary way they were now treading.

The sea, with its dark and heaving expanse, rolled heavily into shore. Jane felt the chill of the evening air; folded her shawl more tightly around her, and was within a few steps of the beach, when, on turning an intervening rock, the sound of coarse, half-whispering voices broke ominously on their hearing. Involuntarily they paused.

"Smugglers!" breathed Gulliver; and at that moment a boat became visible to them, pulling hastily inshore.

Jane felt half terrified, but Gulliver endeavoured to assure her.

"They'll be gone directly: they'll not see us."

He drew her, however, still farther beneath the shadow of the cliffs as he spoke, and they both gazed anxiously upon the wild looking group before them as they hurriedly landed a quantity of kegs. Just as the

boatmen resumed their oars, and the shoremen were shoving off the boat, the sound of rapid footsteps was heard along the road stretching down the cliffs, and a number of men rushed past the two and fell upon the smugglers. Those on land were secured, but the boat flew on with feathered oars through the surf.

A flash—a report—a death scream, and then another shot—broke suddenly to life, and startled the girl still more. But still the boat flew on and was soon beyond the reach of further danger.

Gulliver and Jane now quitted the shelter of the rocks and approached Mr. Smasher, whom they recognised amongst the motley group collected on the beach. In the meantime the accidental appearance of a gamekeeper, with the required key, had enabled Mr. Walpole and his party to cross the park and reach home. Smasher and

our two friends walked home together by the beach, regardless of the party supposed to be still waiting at the gate, so overcome were they by recent excitement.

A long controversy ensued at the hall after their arrival, on the subject of smuggling and smugglers, in which Mr. Walpole defended the trade, and pitied its followers, and in which Mr. Smasher was in favour of their universal annihilation, and in which all the ladies mourned the lot of him or those who had been killed or wounded, as the case might be, by the recent shots fired by the coastguardmen.

"That cry haunts me," said Jane.

"I'd shoot every man of them!" said Smasher; and so the conversation ran.

CHAPTER VIII.

A FORTNIGHT after the period embraced in the last chapter, during which time Mrs. Shackletrap had remained a guest at the Hall, her amphibious husband, together with Spankerville and their yacht, returned to Crumblemud cove, from thence to bear away the said Mrs. Shackletrap; who, in her turn, carried away with her the lovely nieces of her host; for which proceeding she had obtained the consent of Mr. Walpole; on the strength of her representation that the air of Clifden--her place

of residence—would do them a great deal of good. The uncle agreed with her, and the result was their embarkation, and Madeline being once more in the company of the talkative, flirting, Shackletrap.

The wide and sandy plains within a few miles of Clifden Castle extend to a considerable distance in every direction, and serve materially to enhance the beauty of the neighbouring scenery. The river, which almost bathes the castle walls, is flanked by embankments rich in picturesque fertility; while the majestic woods in its vicinity offer a magnificent contrast to the scarcity of trees prevalent in the regions first named.

The venerable edifice itself—vast in its dimensions and rare in the beauty of its architecture—presents all the charms of antiquity without the gloominess or discomfort so often thereon attendant. Even in winter, the evergreens, scattered among the loftier

growth of wood, obviates any cheerlessness of aspect; while, on the southern and western points, gaily plumed gardens extend along the banks of the river. Groves of oak and sycamore, on the opposite bank, reach to the water's edge, where the willow and the ash cast their melancholy shade; and, drooping, drink. Further on, the river, through a broken embankment, forms itself into a lagoon, where the wild duck dips into the reedy waste, and many a minnow darts on its liquid way.

This was the home of the Shackletraps; paved with marble, and lighted by painted windows. It was approached through a stately avenue of elm and sycamore, and delighted the eyes of the sisters to behold.

"And this is the house you have called dull and wearisome," said Madeline.

"My dear, I shall like it very well now that you are here," was the reply of the

ever languid Mrs. Shackletrap; and thus the visit began.

The nearest port was at a distance of ten miles; there Spankerville and the husband had been left. They were to follow that evening.

CHAPTER IX.

On the fifth day after the arrival at Clifden, a friend and connexion of the Shackletraps, one Stratford Walbrook, who had been present at the Crumblemud ball, arrived; and on the morning following, the entire party set out to visit the neighbouring places of attraction. The road, after leaving the banks of the river, and emerging out of the cool shade of the woods, was at first rather uninviting than otherwise, stretching as it did for miles across bare and treeless commons, where

the sole objects presenting themselves to the sight, consisted of rude huts and bathing machines, together with the stone enclosures bordering the road, where vain attempts had been made at cultivation. Grateful however was the transition, when, after descending a steep hill, they entered upon a sequestered village. Ivy covered rocks, climbed over by many a creeping plant, stood up in picturesque irregularity. Streams of crystal purity gushed from out granite walls, and clear watered brooks ran murmuring along. The rough but pleasing cottages of the hamlet, overhung by rustling trees, came temptingly one by one upon the view. The village inn stood up beneath the venerable shade of a branching ash, and here the party stopped. Mrs. Shackletrap sat down to rest herself, as she termed it, such proceeding being in strict keeping with her usual apathy and

indolence. Madeline and Jane walked on to explore the village green and the tempting lanes beyond, under the escort of Spankerville. The latter renewed his original conversation on the subject of the banished Osmond, and hoped for a speedy reconciliation.

The stragglers returned, and the carriages again set off in the direction of a certain old tower, which they were anxious to climb—Mrs. Shackletrap excepted. The tower reached, the party soon found themselves engaged in ascending a dark narrow staircase of seventy broken steps, shaky and crumbling. Their difficulties became augmented when about half way up, by the interposition of a moving body between themselves and the light, which was faintly shed through a trap door at the top. The ladies were about to descend in precipitate consternation, but the almost pitch dark-

ness of the place prevented their obeying the impulse. The staircase was too narrow for the passage, of two abreast; and moreover, the walls on either side were in such a dusty mouldering state, that to have attempted such an exploit would have been smotheration. Spankerville hailed the descending figure, which was recognised as that of a man, who, in return, politely made a re-ascent, in order to permit of the passage of those—the ladies—below.

The summit attained, by means of the before mentioned trap-door, the party stood in admiration of the surrounding scenery, which, it may be truly said, as viewed from the battlements of that moss-hung ruin, lay out in panoramic magnificence as far as the eye could wander. Over hill and dale,—over the forest and over the grass land—all was beautiful.

To the surprise of the ladies, the in-

dividual who had threatened their blockade, and who was arrayed in an exaggerated boating costume, turned out to be a friend of Spankerville's. His jacket-like coat was in a high state of dust, as also his large straw hat, and his whole appearance blended in with a large and clumsy looking walking stick which he carried.

Mr. Fleetwood, for as such he was introduced, accepted a seat in Spankerville's phaeton, and on their arrival at Miltown, whither they proceeded, an invitation from Shackletrap to dine with them at the hotel there. The party did not return to the castle that night; but having added to their number by the accidental meeting with Lord and Lady Bullfinch, and Sir Jonah Le Brun, it was arranged to proceed together to "the Canaries", such being the title given to a collection of half island rocks in the English channel, by the

facetious Fleetwood; who, under the influence of soap, and a change of garb, the ladies considered to be wonderfully improved, and, moreover, exceedingly entertaining, though Madeline pronounced him impudent.

"His father committed suicide six years ago, by cutting the flesh off his body with two razors, and then upsetting some prussic acid over his bones"; said Spankerville, mingling a lie and a joke together. The ladies were shocked, but the carriages were in waiting, and very soon were rattling down the long highway towards the so-called Canaries.

As they advanced, cottages, with verandahs gay with flowering creepers, met the eye in scattered groups. Farther on, the waters of the Channel spread out before their view; their waves dancing in the sunlight. Still farther away, half shrouded

in mist, lay the Canaries, on the Channel side of which the white robing of here and there a craft, gleamed out, and reflected its moving shadow on the waters as it went.

They were slowly ascending a steep hill, the road of which was bordered on either side by towering forest trees, overshadowing the rustic homes and keeping back the sunlight; yet, at the same time, affording shade to the russet faced children, as in sportive groups they clustered laughingly together, when Spankerville and Jane, who were in the phaeton of the former, resumed the conversation with respect to Osmond.

"He's in England, and in poverty; I heard it this morning only," said he.

"Oh! I'm so delighted to hear it, where is he? how can I send him assistance? Now that he's in England I've all my hopes of reconciliation revived." And so spoke

the girl in her buoyant and generous enthusiasm in behalf of her stranger cousin —the adventurous Osmond.

The incorrigible Fleetwood, who occupied the back seat, overheard the conversation, called her cousin "a queer dog," and bantered her on the probability of a future union in matrimony with the prodigal, whom he acknowledged as an old schoolfellow of his.

Jane felt annoyed with his familiarity, and mentally resolved never again to travel in a phaeton, the back seat of which was tenanted by a facetious man.

The coast was now reached. Its scenery, desolate and wild, presented a bold but barren contrast to the orchards and pasture lands they had so recently passed by. Black and irregular masses of rock, their summits enwreathed in mist, stood up abruptly on the white sands—here arched—

there cavern-like and very gloomy. The noise of encroaching waters broke mournfully upon the ear, and the hoarse screaming of half startled gulls enhanced the semi-tragic wildness of the scene.

In the midst of all this there came a voice from "that odious" Fleetwood, saying, "Ladies, now's your time to swim."

CHAPTER X.

The party had returned to the castle. Shackletrap had gone to the next town on business, and Mr. Stratford Walbrook was making love in his absence to the fair wife of his host, who, however, returned unexpectedly on the next day, when a rupture ensued, which resulted in the immediate dismissal of Walbrook, and that is the last we have heard of him.

"We shall have Fleetwood here tomorrow," said Spankerville; that gentleman having been left behind somewhere in the vicinity of the "Canaries."

Madeline and Jane heard this and quailed.

"Strange creature," said Mrs. Shackletrap; "I don't see what there is in him to make anyone wish for his company."

"Just so," replied Spankerville, "but now that there's attraction here"—at the same time glancing at Jane—"it will be impossible to keep him away."

The facetious man, however, notwithstanding his being thus heralded, did not arrive during the stay of the Misses Walpole; for, on the day on which that gentleman's visit had been prognosticated, they received a letter from their uncle, summoning them back to the Hall, there to congratulate and welcome back no less a personage than their mysterious and adventurous cousin—the long forbidden Osmond.

The girls were elated with the glad tidings respecting one towards whom they entertained an interest which, although vague,

was very keen and restless. Both girls were longing to see him, and they had pictured him to themselves a thousand times over. Now, their desire for his restoration and their meeting was intense.

They arrived at the hall a few hours only before the time at which the long estranged nephew was expected. The village was all astir, and the people, in holiday costume, were in eager anticipation. Old Walpole was dancing with joy and the assistance of a few goblets of sparkling hock. The villagers were about to be regaled with everything eatable and drinkable that the mansion contained, and, according to old Walpole, everybody promised fair to be drunk before night. The uncle had sent his carriage and a set of postilions for the returning prodigal, and he was in momentary expectation of its return.

At length, cries of "Here they are!" broke

from the assembled peasantry; and, through the dazzling light of noon, a carriage was seen rapidly rolling towards them. The uncle rushed forward and embraced and welcomed his nephew, and leading him into his drawing-room, where sat all the magnates of the county, presented his long estranged nephew as his heir—as the future Lord of Richmond.

Madeline and Jane shrunk back amid the noisy congratulations of those near; for in the returned nephew, whom they had so romantically pictured when alone, they beheld no other than "that odious Mr. Fleetwood!"

CHAPTER XI.

Much were the sisters disappointed—much was the worthy Walpole amused, and many were the laughs and puzzled looks consequent on Osmond's previous adventure with his cousins.

"How ridiculous I have made myself!" said Jane.

"How he must laugh at all I said about him!" said Madeline: and so the girls tittered.

It soon, however, became evident that the facetiousness of the hero of the tower

steps was not common to him, and that in fact he really was a much more gentlemanly and agreeable person than they had found him to be, before the discovery at the hall; but still, first impressions being always the most vivid and lasting, they found it hard to reconcile themselves to the company of their cousin, and actually shunned his presence.

As a guest at Richmond, there was at this time, together with her parents, one who usurped the admiration of all, both in beauty, in accomplishments, and far more in that grace of manner which cannot fail to enhance the attractions of even the most lovely. Tall and finely formed, with that symmetry of limb and of feature, common to the Grecian statues; with an extreme fairness of complexion, pale and placid, yet relieved by a roseate tint scarcely perceptible; with eyes of the softest blue,

overshadowed by lashes, long, straight, and drooping, and with a composed demeanour, which, while heightening the tone of her beauty, might have rendered her more repelling to the vulgar, but which was in fact caused by the seclusion of the home in which she had been nurtured, as well as by the solidity of her previous learning; Flora Mortlake stood up one of England's fairest daughters, and graced even the loveliness collected within the walls of the house of Walpole. This lady was the betrothed of Rathangan MacDuff, Major in Her Majesty's army, and hailing from the township of Ballymore, in the kingdom of Ireland.

Having chronicled this fact for our ulterior guidance, we may proceed to note the rising favour of Osmond in the estimation of at least Madeline. As for Jane, she could never, according to her own

account, forgive him for his banter while *incog.* Now Jane was the favoured one of Osmond; and speaking confidentially, it was the wish of the old man that these two should ally themselves together in holy matrimony. Jane also was the one the soul-embittered Herbert Gulliver of Timberdale felt a tender regard for, notwithstanding his having been previously repulsed by her sister. But of this anon.

CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Ganges Shrimper, supporting a more than usual and almost unbearable weight of jewelry, drove up to Richmond Hall, a few days after the return of our hero, in the highest possible state of wakefulness, and altogether dressed out in as magnificent a manner as his Anglo-Indian tastes could devise. He greeted the young ladies with an impetuous warmth not to be expected in a man of his years, and eagerly desired to be presented to their returned cousin.

Madeline rang the bell, and proposed

leaving the room, in order to allow of a private interview.

"Not at all, I pray you, Miss Walpole. The happiness of your presence will enable —fortify—me the better to discharge my object—errand." He spoke hastily, and at this moment Osmond entered the room. The presentation took place instantly. The owner of the jewels spoke with a rapidity of utterance to which that of a town crier would have been a mere drawl.

"Will you, Mr. Walpole—Mr. Osmond Walpole, I should say"—he at length said, after two minutes hard speaking, "give me your permission to seek the hand of your elder cousin, Miss Madeline Walpole?" And, as he thus spoke, he cast a look of pleading anxiousness towards the object for which he offered up his solicitations.

Osmond laughed aloud—acted on, no doubt, by the momentary impulse. The

girls followed suit; and the dismayed Indian stood by in anxious amazement. Osmond at length, recovering his calmness, expressed his surprise that he should have been appealed to on the subject, instead of his uncle.

"Oh, he referred me to you," hastily answered the excited suitor.

"Then I can only refer you to Miss Walpole herself," continued Osmond.

At this crisis, the nabob pleaded vociferously for the Madeline of his love to accept him. The presence of her sister and cousin enabled her to reply; and when the cold words, implying that there was no hope of his ever succeeding in the object of his mission, fell from her ruby lips, the earnest lover recoiled in disorder. Savage and foiled, and hastily quitting the room, he half sprang out of the house, and into his carriage, which was,

a few seconds afterwards, being whirled rapidly away; while the three whom he had just left were pealing forth in renewed laughter.

CHAPTER XIII.

A FORTNIGHT subsequent to the event last recorded, and on a cheerless morning, ushered in after a wild and tempestuous night, Jane Walpole took her way, alone, for a walk in the gardens of Richmond Hall; by some impulse, however, unknown perhaps to herself, she took her way through the outer plantations.

The restless wind blew about the faded leaves and shook the thinly foliaged branches with a hungry and strangely whining noise —shook them in very anger; and then,

careering away, did the same thing with other trees as it went.

Emerging from the wood, the sea, broad and expansive, was presented to her view; white and foaming, and breaking heavily on the beach. She had scarcely reached the cliffs, when, to her surprise, no other than Mr. Gulliver appeared before her. She felt strangely confused, and, after the first greetings were over, neither uttered a word for some moments; but stood gazing dreamily on the agitated prospect of spray and wave which lay out before them.

A comment on the weather, from Jane, broke the embarrassing silence.

"Yes, Miss Walpole, wind and wave we know to be inconstant; a gleam of sunshine may, however, restore this now cloudy scene to its former brightness and tranquillity; but it is not so with—with the human heart. Studying as I do, Miss Walpole,"

resumed the speaker, after a few words from Jane and another embarrassing pause, "your every word and look, it is not without pain that I have observed your preoccupied manner and thoughtful reserve since your return from Clifden. I had foreboded as much. I may, perhaps, be indebted for this our meeting to the effect of your anxiety for the safety of one who, I hear, is hourly expected at the hall."

Jane suddenly confronted him; "You are under an erroneous impression, Mr. Gulliver;" her face coloured, and she was angry. "Lord Spankerville, to whom I presume you must allude, had no influence over my thoughts in bringing me here."

"Pardon me," spoke her companion, interruptingly; "your generosity I know will pardon the cause which led to my so speaking. But calm my anxiety, Miss Walpole—my feelings warrant such a trust

—by telling me whether that gentleman has anything to do with your recent gloom—your thoughtfulness."

Jane blushed again beneath his earnest gaze, and, with becoming modesty, she hung down her head and assured him in the negative; she then turned to retrace her way homewards.

Gulliver turned too and walked with her. "You have relieved me of an oppressive load, Miss Walpole; your generosity claims my gratitude." There was a pause of several minutes duration.

"Were I superstitious, Miss Walpole," he resumed, "I should have accepted my unlooked for meeting with you on the cliffs this morning as a very favourable omen. I know not whether it is so; but you will perhaps allow me to ask that question which I left home this morning with the resolution to put to you; it is—"

(Jane guessed its purport, and felt, as she herself would have said, ready to sink.)

" —That I may hope for a return of that love which I so fervently entertain towards you—that my affection may meet with a corresponding return from one for whom I would sacrifice all things. But, at the present time, I know that the sacrifice would be on your side. I ask you to leave a home where wealth and luxury combine to render your life one course of unmolested happiness; but, in return for that sacrifice, I offer you my love—my"—. Here he faltered. " Tell me I am,—pardon me, Miss Walpole, do you love me?" And so saying, he looked down upon the blushing, half-averted face beside him, with a look of tender pride, as if he already claimed her as his own; and, with anxious emotion, awaited her reply. A faint and tremulous voice broke softly on his ear; it

broke from the lips of the agitated maiden. His countenance suddenly brightened, as the landscape beneath the newly breaking sun; and as he guided her faltering steps, slow and silent, new feelings of happy ardour sprang to life within him. Pleasure and exultation glowed in his countenance, and beamed in his sparkling eye. They sealed their mutual vows, and Jane Walpole became the betrothed of Herbert Gulliver. Trusted had she within his hands her destiny. He was glad.

On their arrival at the Hall, Herbert sought an interview with Mr. Walpole—that gentleman readily gave his consent, not wishing, as he said, to thwart the choice of his niece. Gulliver was formally presented by the old man as the future husband of our heroine of the cliffs, and received an invitation to dine on that day at the Hall. In the meantime, Spanker-

ville arrived. He was sore wroth at the news. Jealousy took hold of him. Even Osmond was little better. There was restraint and silence manifested during the whole evening. Jane felt miserable, and was glad when the departure of Gulliver enabled her to seek the retirement of her own apartment. Why it should be so, she knew not; she hoped the remaining days of her courtship would not be as much fraught with pain as the first. She endeavoured to console herself and seek relief in slumber, but it was in vain.

Osmond and Madeline were just then talking about her.

"Gulliver's not the man for her," said he: "he'll torment her with his jealousy—the gloom of Timberdale will never agree with her; if she marries him, she'll be unhappy as long as she lives."

Madeline gave no opinion, but sided with her sister.

"What could have made her choose him?" asked Osmond.

"Because she likes him, I suppose," was the answer. "One so widely respected and agreeable as Mr. Gulliver I should think any girl might love."

A chancery suit was now pending, which Gulliver was sanguine would shortly be decided in his favour. In the meantime, his presence was required in London, whither he hastened, a few days subsequent to the departure of Spankerville from the Hall, and less than a fortnight from the time of his betrothal.

CHAPTER XIV.

It is vulgar to talk about going hammer and tongs at a thing; but if we use that expression with regard to directors Phipps and Winterthorne, we shall but be conveying an idea as to how they went ahead with the first blow at the great bubble of the "Oriental Bank of Swindledum." Of course they took offices—who cannot?—and of course they had enough between them to pay the rent. Still it was lucky for themselves that they had; for the rest of the world it was very unlucky indeed.

It was a woeful morning for our mag-

nificent friend Mr. Ganges Shrimper, when Mr. Phipps, of Rosemary House, Crumblemud, and 37 Wormwood Street, City, waited upon him with the prospectus of the new bank, and invited him to become a fellow director. Strange to say, the bait took, and Ganges, who was quite enthusiastic in its praise, returned thanks to Phipps on behalf of all creation in general, and all India in particular, for his laudable endeavours in a cause so beneficial and desirable. He promised to take it into his serious consideration, and to favour its promoter with an early answer, such being the condition imposed by Phipps, who took the opportunity of mentioning that he had to make choice by a certain day mentioned; he evidently implied that he had a host at his command,—all eligible men; (some of noble family, but ragged fortune, the remainder good men, but dupes.)

Even Mr. Walpole, as the concern ripened, was tempted to invest in its shares, which Phipps assured him were the safest and most paying things going. Every day was the Oriental Bank of Swindledum paraded in the advertising columns of the newspapers. Everybody saw its grand utility, and Phipps came in for unlimited applause.

As the money came in, so it was withdrawn from the till; and as it was withdrawn from the till, so it was replenished by new investments.

"A splendid hit this! glorious!" ejaculated Phipps, in a perfect ecstacy, three months after starting the concern. In the meantime the bank lived on its principal, and Peter was robbed to pay Paul; but the fact was, each was served alike.

"Make hay while the sun shines," was the motto on which Phipps endeavoured to act as far as his luck and ability would

allow him. He had several irons burning away in the fire, but he was puzzled which to draw first. One was for a wife; for Phipps was a childless widower, and now was the time to win a bride and money with her. Then there was the "Metropolitan Building Company, in ten thousand shares, at ten pounds each;" solely organised and projected by Phipps, and with a paid-up capital of ten thousand pounds, lodged to the credit of the said company in the bank in Wormwood Street,—in other words, the private cash box of Phipps.

Phipps was a city lion. His enterprise was being crowned with success, and everybody looked up to Phipps as being something very great indeed. He took a mansion in Grosvenor Square, and gave irreproachable dinners; the excellence of his wine called forth many encomiums, and all the world flattered him and fed his rotten concerns with gold.

CHAPTER XV.

WINTERTHORNE, in the meantime, made the best use of his connection with the bank. He borrowed six thousand pounds on his own personal security, and nine thousand more on the security of a block of barren land which he had never paid for. As he might require to meet exigences, he had his bills—accepted by nobodies—freely discounted; and acting, as he did, alternately in the capacities of drawer, acceptor, and endorser, there was no end to the system of accommodation. His purse was rendered as elastic as his conscience, and he became

connected with half a dozen concerns of the most various and anomalous kinds. He was a bread and biscuit baker by reason of his projecting "The metropolitan unadulterated flour, bread, and biscuit company;" which also was a metropolitan swindle. He was a jeweller, trading under the title of Syms and Gilder, Piccadilly; and again, an upholsterer, in a *most* extensive way indeed, extending over half a dozen shops at the top of Baker Street. He had here purchased the stock and goodwill, and the business went on even faster than before, under the old name of Jones and Titchfork.

In the meantime, Winterthorne and his family revelled away in all the pomp and pride of wealth—the ex-bushranger was a lion of a thousand. His establishment and his dinners vied in splendour and costliness with those of the renowned Phipps; and all went "merry as a marriage bell."

CHAPTER XVI.

Impatient and ardent, Herbert Gulliver hurried back to visit Richmond Hall and his promised bride, before the completion of his arrangements in London. To his dismay, he found that Spankerville had returned; for the latter had, together with Shackletrap and his sister, arrived from Clifden Castle on that very day. The jealous suspicion of Gulliver almost amounted to a hatred of the young lord, whom he believed anxious to supplant him—to usurp that affection which had been pledged to himself.

It was on the second day after his return, and when all the inmates of the Hall, Jane excepted, were out seeing the hounds throw off on an estate a few miles distant, according to an arrangement made on the previous day, that Spankerville returned alone and unexpectedly to the Hall, and entered the drawing room, where sat Jane in momentary expectation of her lover's arrival.

"What a deliverance it is," said he, "to be able to get away from the crowd and find you here, all alone, with a nice bright fire, and all looking so warm and comfortable."

Gulliver, who had entered the house by the chief entrance, and another to that by which Spankerville had come, and who, having just entered the room unnoticed by either Jane or the young nobleman, overheard the latter part of this conversation. The talk proceeded while the unseen one stood, statue-like, with his back to them,

apparently in keen admiration of an engraving which hung suspended from the wall in front of him.

Suddenly, Jane discovered his presence.

Gulliver turned round and confronted the gaze of the two with a look of angry jealousy, as unmistakable as it was uncalled for. "Your lordship is evidently more partial to the drawing room than the field," said the wrathful lover.

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Gulliver; when attractions such as these combine themselves I yield at once in their favour."

"I commend your taste my lord," answered the other, with bitter sarcasm; "but I must at the same time remark that if your admissions were couched in terms less direct, the compliment I presume you intend would be the more gratifying to Miss Walpole."

"Don't get savage," said the other, facetiously, and with an expression of counte-

nance meant at once to annoy Gulliver still more, and excite the laughter of his *vis à vis*, and which most effectually did its work upon Gulliver.

"Impertinent fellow!" he exclaimed, "how dare you address me in such insulting language!"

Spankerville laughed contemptuously, and looked into the face of Jane, who hung down her head, half in terror, half in amazement.

Gulliver advanced to him and demanded an apology.

"Don't be a fool!" rejoined the other impudently.

The haughty lord of Timberdale could brook it no longer; he seized the heir to a peerage by the collar of his coat, dragged him off his chair and into the outer passage, where Spankerville offering resistance, he kicked him absolutely out of the house

and banged the door after him: the exploit over he returned in much excitement to the drawing room, at the door of which he met the discomfited Jane. He was too much angered to apologise for his conduct; he was unappeasable, unconvinceable, irrational—carried away by the fury of his own passions he was uncontrollable, uncalmable.

"Such *tête-à-têtes* no doubt frequently occur," he observed harshly. "I have deluded myself. I believed that you loved me, but"— here he paused, and cast a malignant look of scorn round the room.

"Oh! do not—do not speak so!" cried the troubled girl. "What has been done to make you reproach me?"

"It is palpable," rejoined the other, "that you prefer Lord Spankerville to me, your plighted lover."

"Fool that I was," he ejaculated to himself, "to ever believe in the constancy of woman.

I must have unbounded devotion in the being I love, even as my own affection would be boundless."

Here his voice became thick, his ideas confused, and his foot performed an involuntary stamp on the floor. Jane, unable in the extremity of her agitation to reply, sank into a chair, while the infuriated adorer hastily quitted the room without uttering another word, and remounting his horse galloped rapidly away towards Timberdale. In the meantime Spankerville was in wrathful search of a horsewhip, and Jane Walpole sat alone in the drawing room of Richmond Hall, weeping.

It was not until the following morning that Gulliver returned to the Hall, and endeavoured to heal up the breach which his own uncalled-for jealousy had made on the day previous, as well as to tender his apologies to Spankerville for the insult and

chastisement which in his anger he had so summarily administered.

"Do let me beg of you, Jane," said he, as soon as they were alone, "to accept my expressions of regret for my excited conduct of yesterday. I would not pain you for worlds; but I was led away by my rage against that coxcomb, Spankerville."

"Oh, don't let it be mentioned again! I've forgiven you, Herbert, for the past; I only wish, for our future peace, that such an incident may never recur. Why can you not trust in me? I've given you my assurances. Never let us mistake each other."

"To protect our happiness, Jane," spoke Gulliver emphatically, yet thoughtfully, "Lord Spankerville must not remain a guest at Richmond Hall. He is the man of all others I most detest on earth."

"That I am afraid cannot be. You

ought to have sufficient dependance on me not to require such an extreme measure to be resorted to."

The conversation between the guileless, generous girl, and the still suspicious and tyrannical lover, continued for some time longer; but Gulliver, unsuccessful in gaining his point for the expulsion of his imagined rival, quitted the house in a by no means amiable or satisfied mood. The quarrel between the two men was made up somehow by the intervention of Osmond, but a deadly enmity still subsisted between them.

CHAPTER XVII.

There were now present amongst the company at the Hall, Major Rathangan MacDuff, and his betrothed, Louisa Mortlake, together with the worthy parents of the latter,—one of whom, to wit Mr. Mortlake, was to be distinguished by his morose irritability and the fact of his countenance being highly diversified by the presence of a bottle nose and three crustaceous looking bulbs growing thereon. The wife was shrivelled, sharp featured, shrunken jawed, by reason of a deficiency of those natural

crushers, teeth, and seemed altogether to belong to the past—to stand up as a moving monument of decay. And these were the heirs to mortality from whom the Madonna-like Louisa had sprung and inherited the breath of life. Spankerville and the Shackletraps were also there.

The non-compliance of Jane to the unreasonable request of her lover, for the expulsion of Spankerville, caused a coldness and isolation to reign between them. After dinner, he sat silent and gloomy in an opposite extremity of the drawing room. This desertion was the signal for the renewed attentions of the assiduous young lord, who now more than ever took delight in annoying the acknowledged suitor. Her manner, however, soon convinced him that she was not the one to second his design; and Osmond, seeing her embarrassment, soon came to her side, and

afforded that relief she longed for. Still, although it did not excite the least jealousy or fear in the mind of Gulliver, there was obvious danger in the eyes of Mrs. Dawson, the parson's wife, who was this day a guest at dinner, in the looks of sympathy with which her cousin regarded her, and which, in their kind and unaffected ingenuousness, spoke even more than more pointed attentions would have done.

Now they were cousins; but what of that. Cousins marry. Gulliver sat near the lady before mentioned, and said but little.

"I see it now—I've solved my enigma," suddenly spoke the latter, and averting her eyes from Jane and Osmond.

"It's just what I expected and wanted to see—Osmond's in love with his cousin Jane."

Gulliver half started back, but came-to

again with a forced smile and a bitter curl of the lip. It may be remarked, that the engagement had been kept private, save to the inmates of the Hall, and that she was consequently as yet ignorant of the relation subsisting between her auditor and the lady of her observation. She did not give him much time to reply, but went on as women so well can.

"I thought with the village, at first, that Miss Jane would marry Lord Spankerville; but now it's plain—the attachment of her cousin—oh yes—well I'm very glad to see it—they'll suit each other exceedingly well, I'm sure."

Gulliver made brief comment, in which he surmised, that owing to Miss Jane Walpole's plurality of admirers, her future choice was very uncertain. Had he followed his own inclination, or rather the impulse of his own feeling, he would have

forcibly harangued her, almost to angry reproach, and have announced the fact of his betrothal; but no, he checked himself, and shortly afterwards left the hall, in a high state of disgust with the parson's wife in particular, and all concerned in general.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Since the arrival of Mr. Hungerford Shackletrap, he had ingratiated himself greatly and unmistakably into the favour of the reigning beauty, Miss Mortlake, who awarded him smiles that had never been before witnessed on her countenance.

Shackletrap's wife was, as usual, listless, and quite indifferent as to whether her husband flirted or abstained from flirting.

The Major had no charm for his promised bride: she was wordless and apathetic towards him.

People began to notice Shackletrap's palpable usurpation of the rights of MacDuff, and made their remarks accordingly.

Old Mortlake did not see much, being himself a recluse; but at length his attention was called to it, and what he had not seen—which was of course by far the greater part—he was informed of. He hastily sought an interview with his daughter, in her room. Just when his head appeared through the doorway the mother was doing the very thing that he came to do, only in a milder way.

"I'm lecturing her," said she.

"I'll lecture her too," said the father; and in his wrath he uttered such a shower of angry reproaches as took the mother by surprise and made the fair daughter quail again.

"Don't do so, dear," said his wife.

"Yes, I will do so," said he; and so they

kept at it, till the possessor of the bulbous and bottle nose, in his vulgar nature, became infuriated, and pushed his wife, like a shuttlecock from a battledore, into the lap of the sitting lady; which sudden evolution, in its turn, capsized both chair and sitter, and the three fell disorderly to the floor, while two voices blended into a shriek, and while old bottle-nose ejaculated, "there, go together," and almost simultaneously absquatulated from the apartment; not deigning to look round, or give his fallen kin a hand up; but strutting away down the long passage towards his own room, in the highest possible dudgeon.

Nobody heard of this *mêlée*, and the ladies recovered their position as best they could; the mother to console the daughter, and then set off and "give it," as he well deserved, her brute of a husband.

No sooner had she been ridded of her

mother, than the major, looking altogether very surly and just as sulky, made his appearance. He had come to do the very same thing which both the parents had just been doing—barring the upset. He wished an explanation of her slighting conduct to himself, and her jocund familiarities—which had been reported to him—with Shackletrap, whom he denounced as an old *roué* and a very dangerous companion. However, he was satisfied when the fair one gave him her assurances that he MacDuff still held absolute sway in the empire of her affections, and that she had been quite unconscious of any noticeable attentions on the part of the gentleman alluded to. Besides, he was a married man. Just so.

The performance ended by Louisa's making excessive love to the Major—a thing which, it may be remarked, she by no means felt; and by the Major's taking her for

"better and for worse;" and reconciling himself with a—well, we all know the smack of it.

CHAPTER XIX.

Gulliver set out for London on the morning following the remarks relative to the state of Osmond's affections, to superintend his interests in the pending chancery suit. Three days only had elapsed, when a letter was received from him by Mr. Walpole, acquainting him with the fact of the said chancery suit having been decided in his favour, and the consequent augmentation of his revenues, and also earnestly soliciting the uncle guardian's consent to his

immediate marriage with Jane. Augustus Walpole perused and reperused this epistle, bearing as it did so much on the future lot and welfare of his niece, ere he summoned her to his side, in the old oak wainscoted library, where his grandfather had sat before him. The letter handed to her, he eagerly watched the lights and shadows of her countenance, and with evident anxiety awaited the result of her reading. Jane herself, with an expression at once grave and thoughtful, slowly perused its contents, and it was not for some moments afterwards, during which she seemed to be holding secret converse with her own soul, that she looked into the face of her uncle, and handed him back the letter which was to influence her future destiny. For be it known, that although the engagement already spoken of still subsisted between them, it was conditional on the

good conduct, to use Mr. Walpole's expression, of Gulliver, as to when or even whether the marriage was to take place. He, of course, had heard through Spankerville of the ebullition in the drawing room, and from the ascertained jealousy of Gulliver, he could scarcely avoid entertaining a doubt as to the future happiness of his guardian child, under the influence of one whose very love and affection usurped a tyrannical control, and whose impetuosity of feeling would break down wrathfully everything opposed to it, and make a martyr of his very idol.

"It is for you to consider, my dear Jane," said he, first breaking the silence, "whether you can be happy with Herbert Gulliver. Far be it from me to influence your feelings in a matter involving your own future happiness, so much as marriage necessarily does; but I have heard of as well as seen

certain points in the character of my friend Mr. Gulliver, which make me seriously anxious that you should do nothing rashly or contrary to your own free will." Here he paused, and the tender darling of his guardianship, the orphan child of his brother, the suicide, submitted her fate into his hands.

"Think over it, my child," said he. "Weigh everything well; and when you have fairly resolved on what you yourself would like to do, come and tell me."

Jane retired to the solitude of her own chamber and communed with that never erring monitor, her own heart. She well knew that both her cousin and sister were opposed to her union with Gulliver, and on the very grounds which she herself so feared might break through and precipitate her into a valley of shade, and make that alliance of flesh to flesh a blend-

ing together in misery, or a continual hey-day—a festive season of sunny joy—but which latter, alas! matrimony does not always confer.

Her uncle's doubts on the point had been already expressed; but what of all these? her thoughts were holy—her principle was firm; and though all the world had been hissing a wrathful and negative warning, she would not have swerved from that path of moral and conscientious rectitude, which the heroism of virtue nerved and fortified her to defend, to trust to, and to obey. Therefore it was with some surprise that Mr. Walpole and the others heard her resolve to espouse, at her uncle's discretion as to time, Herbert Gulliver, and give an unqualified assent to the matter of his letter.

"I look upon my engagement as sacred," she said, addressing her sister—the opinion of the world was nothing to her.

Would that all womankind were like her! We do not say it on account of this particular act, but for the sake of woman's independence and free judging magnanimity.

Glory be to him, or to her, who can confront the world and its babbling multitude, and, if his conscience prompt him, contradict it face to face. Immortality crown him with laurels who would sacrifice all things, even life itself, in the cause of that which he esteemed right; for right is might, even also as might is sometimes right. Witness Napoleon, the departed hero of the past, and behold his shadow to day on the throne of France.

CHAPTER XX.

The intelligence of Jane Walpole having consented to an immediate union with Herbert Gulliver was now generally known throughout Crumblemud.

The accepted one himself was highly gratified, and his felicity was only marred by a clause having been introduced by the guardian uncle, to the effect that the marriage was not to take place immediately, or precipitately, in order to allow of calm and settled deliberation, and in order that the conduct of Gulliver should be submitted to the scrutinizing eye of

"Richmond's saddened lord."

"It is my duty, Herbert," said he, "to protect and to advise her; and much as I have confidence in your good intentions, I yet think that it would be better for you both to see more of each other before contracting a tie which is irrevocable, for weal or for woe." Here he sighed and almost shed tears, for the remembrance of his own restive spouse, who, after leading him years of discomfort, had poisoned herself and attempted to serve him likewise, broke upon him, and he uttered within himself, "our family seems to be indeed fated."

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," thought Gulliver; "but wait I must, there's no alternative; and love like mine will bear keeping."

Light and darkness successively illumined and overshadowed the earth—the revolving hours of day and night. So passed away a week, the happiest that ever crowned the

love of either—that ever blessed the lot of lovers.

Herbert Gulliver and Jane Walpole blended their souls together in unison nigh divine—they lived for each other in an atmosphere of congeniality, and beguiled the flying hours with the bliss of holy love —joyous, and, as heart to heart, boundless in its unalloyed intensity. We shall not say that such would have long continued; it is enough to have said that it was so. There was nothing around to test its endurance. No rocks of danger on which their bounding craft might founder.

Spankerville had been away during this time; but on the ninth day of his absence he returned. The very sight of him was galling to Gulliver, and he could have shot him dead without compunction; yea, have spurned as he chuckled over his corpse.

No sooner had he resumed his stay at

the Hall, than his endeavours to annoy Gulliver were at once rendered palpable. His familiarity of manner in addressing Jane Walpole was something which Gulliver was no longer disposed to brook. The latter admonished him—the other greeted his words with a laugh of scorn. No sooner was it uttered than the incensed lover dragged him by the ear from the side of her whom he esteemed insulted, and so led him out of the room. An immediate challenge was the result of this.

"Choose your weapons," said the infuriated lord, pointing to both swords and pistols, which he held in his hands. Gulliver chose the latter, and the two aggravated men proceeded alone through the plantations till they arrived at an open space in the centre of the park. They paused—backed a few paces off—each with his finger on the drawn trigger of his weapon.

"Fire!" cried Spankerville, as the two men looked steadily into each other's eyes. A double flash—a report—two cries blended into one—two men springing involuntarily and spasmodically into the air—a single groan and two lifeless bodies prostrate upon the turf. Such was the scene. Almost simultaneously, Osmond Walpole, who had been dispatched by Jane to prevent their quarrelling, was presented in their front, and the gamekeeper, attracted by the shots, also rushed forward. Picture the rest thyself, O reader, for feeling is more powerful than language.

CHAPTER XXI.

Tremendous, as a natural consequence, was the excitement created by the fatal duel. Jane Walpole swooned insensibly away; the old man at the hall tore his hair in very frenzy; all Crumblemud was convulsed, and England at large shared in the feeling, although to a lesser extent; for it was only heard of through a brief paragraph in the newspapers.

Lady Gulliver was bereft of reason from the moment she beheld the corpse of her son, and Mrs. Shackletrap was but little

less affected by the news of her brother's untimely end. All was confusion and disorder; there was no one to be reproached or condemned; the only two concerned had anticipated the worst consequences of their rashness by thus rushing recklessly into the arms of death, in whose grim and phantom-like embrace they had escaped from jealousy and contention. Cold, stiffened, and bullet-pierced, death in them looked even more ghastly than elsewhere; while for the mourners, there was no consolation; they wept, but they pictured no heaven to which the newly departed spirits had fled. Sad, hopeless, and dejected, the friends and kin of the two men thus carried off in the heyday of youth, mourned a hopeless lament over their fate.

Phipps was extreme in his consolations to Mr. Walpole, no doubt thinking it a

good time for working upon his feelings, and so to be of ulterior though indirect benefit in making the old man increase his investments in the bank.

"There's nothing like currying favour with Walpole when he's in trouble," soliloquised he; "make him do anything afterwards."

Clever Mr. Phipps. If half creation had been shot, the ex-army surgeon would have been rather glad than otherwise, for he had regard to the interests of the profession to which he had belonged; and of course, as to use his own words, "all these things give an impetus to trade,"—though in what way we cannot tell,—it was quite right that they should occur.

"There's nothing worse than stagnation, whether it's of the blood or the money-market — nothing worse," so spoke the consummate circulator of the moneys

of a thousand lodged in the Oriental Bank of Swindledum, Wormwood Street, City.

END OF VOLUME II.

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